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{ FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS.

I.	Sensationalism and Science. <i>By Norman R. Campbell</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	181
II.	Antonio Fogazzaro. <i>By Harriet Reid</i>	MONTHLY REVIEW	189
III.	Wild Wheat. Chapter XXV. Days of Peter's Life. <i>By M. E. Francis</i> (To be continued.)	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	146
IV.	Motor-Cars in the Present and Future. <i>By Cygnus</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	149
V.	The Judgment in the Field. <i>By J. B. Skitaletz</i>	INDEPENDENT REVIEW	159
VI.	Japan After the War. <i>By Daini Vostock</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	170
VII.	The Flood of Fiction	GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE	179
VIII.	The Real Countryman	OUTLOOK	184
IX.	The Charm of Accessibility	SPECTATOR	187

A PAGE OF VERSE

X.	The Last Road. <i>By Ursula Twenty</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	130
XI.	Hid With God. <i>By Nora Chesson</i>		130
XII.	The Secret. <i>By Frederic Manning</i>	OUTLOOK	130
XIII.	A Wall. <i>By John B. Tabb</i>	ACADEMY	130
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		190



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THE LAST ROAD.

I.

Across the silence of the hills
(Oh distant hills of dream!)
 The Piper's magic music shrills
 And ripples like a stream.
 Beyond the moor, beyond the fen,
 Thin, tremulous, and silver-clear,
 It pierces to the souls of men,
 It calls—and they must hear.

II.

The voice of all the crowded town
(Oh voice of tears and laughter!)
 The Piper's charmed note shall drown,
 They turn and follow after.
 By its wild lure their feet are drawn
 To walk a way they do not know,
 Whatever heart be left to mourn,
 It calls—and they must go.

III.

They leave their hearts' desire behind
(Oh witching tune the Piper plays!)
 None know what they may hope to
 find,

What waits beyond the trackless ways,
 No grief can hold, no love can keep,
 No wild regret their eyes can dim,
 Whatever heart be left to weep,
 The Piper calls—they follow him.

Ursula Twenty.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

HID WITH GOD.

The one false word of life is *Ichabod*,
 The glory is not departed;
 They lie who say it, being heavy-
 hearted.

The glory was here; the glory is hid
 with God.

All glories that we lose, or we forego,
 Some day shall find us, this I surely
 know.

—All lost and lovely things of long ago,
 Whose living fire grew cold
 Upon the altars that we built of old,
 Shall come and warm again
 The gray and empty places of our pain,
 Visible gods and fair
 Breathing immortal promise in the air
 That, being past sunset, lets all colors
 go.

Gladness and sadness that we put
 away,

And every dim belief of yesterday
 For which we do not pray,
 Grown old and cold and tired with
 long desire,
 Grown stiff with kneeling in a winter's
 night

In the ghost-ridden place of old delight,
 Blowing the ashes gray
 Of youth's extinguished fire,
 Grace that we dare not hope for,
 Good that we blindly grope for—
 A sweet and piteous host
 Of lovelinesses lost.

Nora Chesson.

THE SECRET.

Can Life be this: a thin flame in the
 hand;

A sudden impulse, shaping to a kiss;
 A growth of magic underneath a wand:
 Can Life be this?

Spring comes: and with it comes the
 clematis;

Flames flicker into life, a moment
 fanned,

Then fall to dark from momentary
 bliss.

Is this our life; flaming at God's com-
 mand,

Or flowering at Springtide? Nay, I
 wist

We are but strangers in a faery-land:
 Can Life be this?

Frederic Manning.

The Outlook.

A WAIF.

A Poet dreamed me; but he woke,
 And with the slumber-thread
 Of Memory, the morning broke,
 And lo, the vision fled!

Henceforth a homeless wanderer
 It is my fate to be.

Till Memory of things that were
 Re-clothe and shelter me.

John B. Tabb.

The Academy.

SENSATIONALISM AND SCIENCE.

A little more than a year ago the *London Daily Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian* informed the world in flaring headlines that the problem of the origin of life had been solved. Mr. Burke, "a young Cambridge scientist, working in the Cavendish Laboratory," had read the riddle which had hitherto been the despair of the wisest men of science, and had discovered a process of "spontaneous generation" whereby organisms might be produced from inanimate matter. The account of his researches may have struck some readers as undesirably scanty, but when they noted the frequent recurrence of the magic word "radium" their scepticism vanished. To the powers of radium there is no limit, at least in the popular imagination.

For a few days sensational articles about the new "discoveries" occupied prominent places in the journals mentioned, and spread thence to other newspapers both in England and abroad. The illustrated papers were full of portraits of Mr. Burke and his "radiobes," and the comic papers cracked interminable jokes on the subject. Mr. Burke attained suddenly to a notoriety which, in this country, is usually reserved for prominent athletes: for a few days he must have been the most-talked-of man.

It was not long before the newspaper commotion subsided, but Mr. Burke did not fade from the public mind like a nine-days' wonder. The *Fortnightly Review* published an article by the illustrious discoverer: local scientific societies vied with each other for the honor of receiving a lecture from him. In the autumn it was announced that a book would be published containing a full account of the momentous revela-

tion. *The Origin of Life* was puffed as if it were a popular novel: the advertisements proclaimed that scientific men were awaiting it with eager expectation: and at last it appeared. A perusal of the great work appears to have damped the enthusiasm of some of Mr. Burke's most enthusiastic admirers; but still nearly all the London dailies reviewed it favorably, and of the weeklies only¹ the *Speaker* and the *Saturday Review*, agreeing for once, treated it with real severity.

But meanwhile one class of reader had remained unmoved throughout the agitation. Physicists, chemists, physiologists and zoologists pursued their researches as before, apparently unaware that the foundations of their sciences had been shattered: they read their *Daily Chronicle*, smiled and went their way. Nor did the scientific journals show any sign of the upheaval except for the briefest mention of the bare facts.

Unfortunately the general public do not read scientific journals, and it has become clear that mere silence will never lead to a correct appreciation of Mr. Burke's work on the part of the laity. Some positive steps must be taken, and accordingly the invitation of the Editor of the *National Review* to give an account of the views entertained by competent judges, was exceedingly welcome. I wish that some eminent man of science and one whose name is widely known could have been persuaded to undertake the invidious duty, but the lot has fallen on me, and it is impossible to refuse. But perhaps it is well that I should explain that the main criticisms expressed in the following pages would be endorsed

¹ Since writing this I find that the "Academy" has also treated the book as it deserves.

by all the scientific men of my acquaintance, and that I have no reason to believe that any considerable body of those who have an adequate knowledge of biology or physics would dissent from them.

It has been suggested that the frequent mention of Mr. Burke's connection with the University of Cambridge and the Cavendish Laboratory, is calculated to mislead the general public. It is desirable, therefore, that that connection should be explained briefly.

Mr. Burke was not educated at Cambridge; he had been at two universities before he came thither as an advanced student. No teacher of science in the university so far as I am aware considers that his experiments have the smallest bearing on the problems of biology or accepts any responsibility for his views. It is misleading to say, in connection with his recent publications, that Mr. Burke is "of the Cavendish Laboratory." He did some physical research there a few years ago: during his investigations of the biological properties of his radiobes he merely stored in the room in which he had done his former work some of the test-tubes in which those bodies were "incubating." It is still more misleading to suggest that he is "of the Cavendish Laboratory" in the sense that he is in accordance with the school of physicists who work there. Prof. J. J. Thomson, the Cavendish professor, endeavored to prevent Mr. Burke from publishing his conclusions without further investigation: the latter has few if any disciples among the students.

Perhaps the attitude of the scientific world towards Mr. Burke is best evidenced by some remarks recently made by that gentleman himself.² In at-

tempting to discredit a review of his book, he cited the "favorable notices" which he had received from such distinguished authorities as Prof. Arthur Thomson³ of Aberdeen, and Prof. Schuster of Manchester. Now neither of these gentlemen expressed any belief in the value of his experiments, or any agreement with his theory of life. The former says: "We cannot bring ourselves to believe that little bodies which are soluble in water will throw any light on the nature or the origin of life," and "We do not feel that the author's interpretation is the least convincing." The latter remarks: "It is indeed probable that the book would have been better if all reference to these experiments had been omitted." That Mr. Burke should regard it as high praise that a well-informed reviewer should not express the slightest agreement with his opinions is, to put it mildly, somewhat surprising.

But it is clear that Mr. Burke cannot be dismissed with an argument so unscientific and so unconvincing as an appeal to authority. He has been subjected to some denunciation, but to no detailed criticisms. In the following pages an examination of his work is attempted which shall be at once thorough and comprehensible to "the plain man." Since the *Origin of Life* is primarily a question of biology, and since I do not pretend to any deep knowledge of that branch of science, I have sought the assistance of my friend, Mr. Keith Lucas, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, for whose help I am most sincerely grateful.⁴ The reader has the authority of a trained physiologist that my biological statements are accurate and my criticisms well founded.

Let us start with a brief abstract of

² "Cambridge Review," May 17, 1906.

³ Professor Arthur Thomson's reviews are to be found in the "*Tribune*" of April 19, and "*Nature*" of May 3; the latter is only signed by his initials. The quotations are from the

former, but expressions almost identical may be found in the latter. Professor Schuster's review is in the "*Manchester Guardian*" of April 27.

Mr. Burke's letter to *Nature* (May 27, 1905), in which he first described his experiments. Grains of a salt of radium were placed on the surface of some sterilized bouillon: a curious growth appeared which, when examined under a microscope, was seen to be made up of structures resembling somewhat the cells of a living organism: they consisted of a dark nucleus surrounded by a globular mass similar in appearance to protoplasm. These cells were seen to grow to a certain size and subsequently to disintegrate: in a few cases the cell divided into two new cells. The cells were soluble in water: they disappeared on heating, reappearing when the medium was cooled. After these facts had been detailed, Herbert Spencer's definition of life as "a continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations" was quoted, and on the strength of it it was suggested that the radiobes (for so the structures were termed) possessed vitality.

I do not propose to take Mr. Burke's arguments and confute them severally. Such a process would be inordinately long and attended by considerable difficulty. Mr. Burke has his own ideas of grammar and lucidity: his writings are so incoherent and contain so much that is entirely irrelevant that it would be no easy matter to disentangle his reasoning and discuss it at leisure. Moreover, a great part of the confutation would necessarily consist in drawing attention to inconsistencies, logical fallacies, and attempts at proving his contention by juggling with definitions. Such criticism would be liable to appear to the reader mere dialectics. My present purpose is to show not merely that Mr. Burke has not proved

that his radiobes have any bearing on biological problems, but also that he could not possibly have done so.

We may begin by inquiring what is meant by "life."

The reason why a successful investigation into the origin of life would excite interest among biologists is to be found in the connection of the problem with evolutionary theory. Biologists believe that all the organisms which they recognize as living have developed by reproduction and variation from a few very simple forms. It is probable that an extension of their present knowledge, which they have every right to expect in the comparatively near future, will enable them to trace a great part of the whole process of development. But of the origin of the simplest forms they know nothing. There is every reason to assume that at some period of the earth's history only inorganic forms existed on this planet: we cannot at present manufacture organisms from inorganic matter, or make any plausible suggestion as to how such a transformation could have occurred in the past. One of the fundamental problems of biology is to discover a means by which the change from the inorganic to the organic might be effected; that is, to find a form which, on the one hand, is derived entirely from inorganic matter, and on the other, can be connected by evolution with known organisms.

If we are told that this problem has been solved we must make sure of two things: (a) That the structure proposed has originated entirely from inorganic matter, and (b) that it possesses the qualities which are necessary in order that it should be connected by evolutionary development with any known organism. These qualities are clearly those which are possessed in common by all the structures to which the evolutionary theory is held to apply and are possessed by

* Sterilized bouillon is the medium used by bacteriologists for cultivating the organisms they study; it is a jelly made out of gelatin and beef-tea. It is sterilized by heating in order to ensure the absence of any extraneous organisms before the experiments are begun.

no structure to which it does not apply.

There is only one such quality. All organisms contain one or more members of the large class of chemical compounds which are called proteids. Little is known of the chemical constitution of these bodies except that they all consist of five elements—Carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and sulphur—in various proportions; but any member of the class can be recognized by certain color-tests which are applicable to bodies as small as, or smaller than, Mr. Burke's radiobes. No substance composed of proteid is known which is not, or has not been, some part of a living organism.

In order, then, that a structure should be considered a term of the evolutionary series it is necessary that it should consist of proteid. But in order that it should be considered actually alive, more is required: for the bodies of organisms which have lived and are dead contain proteid. To define "living" some process must be found that is common to all living proteid, and excluded from all dead proteid. Such a process is readily found in metabolism.

The living cells⁵ of all organisms perform two closely connected functions—Assimilation and Dissimilation. In assimilation the cell absorbs from its surroundings material of a chemical nature different from its own and converts it into the proteid of which it is itself composed. In so doing it may increase in bulk, or grow. At the same time dissimilation proceeds and the proteid is broken up into much simpler bodies which are ejected from the

cell. The combination of assimilation and dissimilation is known as metabolism.

But such processes are not confined to organisms. In the manufacture of sulphuric acid a compound called nitrosulphonic acid undergoes changes very similar to those which have been described. Metabolism alone will not connect a structure with the revolutionary series: it must be proteid metabolism.

There are other important functions, common to a large number of living cells, which may be mentioned here. One of these is self-reproduction, in which the cell splits up into two independent cells, each of which leads a separate life. In those cells that are possessed of a definite nucleus the nuclear matter plays an important part in the reproduction. It is the nuclear matter which always shows the first signs of division, and splits completely before the protoplasm separates. If a portion of a cell which contains no nuclear matter is cut off from the rest, it shows no power of self-reproduction.

Another such function is that mentioned in Spencer's definition of life, and known to physiologists as "irritability." It is not confined to organisms, and is admirably illustrated by many pieces of mechanism. A petrol engine or a compensated chronometer shows the most complete "adjustment of internal relations to external relations."

Several other functions of the same kind might be mentioned, but these will suffice for my purpose.

It should be clear by this time that there is no reason to believe that Mr. Burke's radiobes are connected with the evolutionary series. Putting aside for the moment the question of metabolism, it may be pointed out that he has not attempted to produce any proof that radiobes are composed of proteid; there is, indeed, a strong pre-

⁵ All organisms consist of one or more cells, each of which may be considered as alive on its own account. A cell in general consists of two parts: (1) nuclear matter, and (2) protoplasm. Some cells, such as the red corpuscles in the blood of mammals, have no nuclear matter. The nuclear matter is usually collected together into a nucleus surrounded by lighter protoplasm, but in some simple forms the nuclear matter is diffused through the protoplasm.

sumption that they are not so composed, for no protoid organism is known which is wholly soluble in water. Mr. Burke has not solved the problem of the origin of life in the sense of having produced from inanimate matter bodies which might develop into known organisms.

But the "origin of life" is a vague phrase, and Mr. Burke may not mean to assert that he has solved this problem. As he re-defines "life" in his book, it is probable that he means something quite different, though it should be noted that he does not stick to his own definition. After seeing the newspaper accounts, it was surprising to read in his book (p. 87), "We cannot claim that in all our observations there is the slightest evidence of anything that is the same as natural life." But there are many passages which appear to contradict this statement directly; here are two of the most striking: "There is, as we think, strong evidence that they (radiobes) may be some elementary bacilli" (p. 17), and "The conclusion that some more elementary form of life than bacteria does exist is the least startling result that can be inferred from all these facts" (p. 19). However, we will accept Mr. Burke's definite disclaimer; but then it is pertinent to ask why he has not told us this before. It is regrettable that he should have published his results in a newspaper and not before a scientific society; it is still more regrettable that he should have allowed an "interview" with him to pass uncorrected containing the misleading assertion that he had produced spontaneous generation, and hailing him as the author of a discovery which he had never made.

However this may be, let us accept Mr. Burke's statement, and proceed to ask what he has discovered. The author's answer may be found on p. 110, where he says that radiobes are "pos-

sible and the inanimate," and on p. 187, where he suggests that "they may help . . . to fill some of the gaps between living and dead matter."

Now what is meant by "intermediate" and "filling the gaps"? If it is implied that radiobes are an early term in the evolutionary series, intermediate between inanimate matter and the more or less highly developed forms we see to-day, the criticism which has been given already may be applied again. Radiobes do not consist of protoid and organisms do. It is absurd to point to a non-protoid structure which possesses some, or all, of the other properties of organisms, and suggest that it might have developed into a protoid organism. Such "development" would be reconstruction, and would raise again every difficulty of the problem.

But I do not think that Mr. Burke means as much as this: he merely claims that he has made a good model of life, which possesses many of the properties of living organisms. Now this is not a claim which, like those that have concerned us previously, can be dismissed with a simple shrug of the shoulders. But if it is less extravagant than other claims, it is also less important. It is clear that it affords no excuse for journalistic rhodomontades, and, unless further evidence is adduced, it may prove interesting to men of science only as providing a curious analogy. Mr. Burke does not say that he has created life, but only that he has made something more or less like life; to take an analogy, he does not say that he has made a man, but only that he has made a very perfect mechanical doll. He attempts to give biological importance to his radiobes, firstly, by basing on their existence a theory of life, which I shall notice later, and, secondly, by suggesting that they are one of "nature's failures"—unsuccessful efforts made

before true life appeared on this planet. But there is no evidence for such a suggestion; on the contrary, there is conclusive evidence against it. An essential feature of the manufacture of radiobes is the use of bouillon which is derived from the dead bodies of very complex organisms. For all that Mr. Burke has told us it would be impossible to get radiobes before you have got beef. This criticism is absolutely fatal to any argument which would prove that radiobes throw any light on the origin of oxen, or of any of the simpler organisms which preceded them. I am surprised that it has not already disposed of the newspaper nonsense about "spontaneous generation," seeing that it has already been put forward in a trenchant form by no less an authority than *Punch*.⁶

But since it is desirable that more should be said about Mr. Burke's methods, I will go on to show that even this more modest claim cannot be admitted, and that he has not even produced a model which will perform some of the more important functions of living bodies.

It is a minor point, but it should be noted that Mr. Burke's experiments have made no advance in our knowledge in this direction. He confesses this himself unconsciously, for he is always insisting that his radiobes are not the same as the similar structures previously described by Dubois, Leduc, Quincke, Lehmann and the rest. Of course these other structures are not the same as radiobes; but they show to the same extent as radiobes the properties which he regards as simulating those of organisms: and that is all that is important for our purpose.

The chief "vital functions" which Mr. Burke considers to be performed by his radiobes are metabolism and reproduction. Let us take the former first.

⁶ July 12, 1905.

We have seen that the metabolism which is characteristic of organisms consists in an absorption of dissimilar chemical compounds into the cell, their transformation into protoid, and subsequent rejection in yet a third state of chemical composition. But Mr. Burke uses the word "metabolism" or the paraphrase "building up and breaking down" in a far wider sense. He first attributes metabolism to cyanogen, a compound of carbon and nitrogen, which is able to add to its molecule other molecules of identical constitution and to reject them subsequently. One of the characteristics of true metabolism is here, the building up and breaking down of the molecule; the other a change in chemical composition, is absent. From cyanogen he proceeds to radium, and finds metabolism here also. Now in radium it is the atoms of which the molecule is composed and not the molecule⁷ itself, which are concerned in his metabolic changes; moreover there is no assimilation but only dissimilation; the atom breaks down, but is not built up. Lastly he finds metabolism in his radiobes. Here the system which is built up and broken down is neither atom nor molecule, but a body which can be seen in a microscope; and there is no evidence whatever that there is change of chemical constitution involved in the process. Metabolism in the sense in which the word is used by Mr. Burke covers any process of integration and disintegration; it would include the building up of a wall out of bricks and its destruction by an earthquake. He has produced no proof whatever that radiobes show metabolism in the sense in which the word is applied to organisms.

Similarly with reproduction. All that Mr. Burke has described is a split-

⁷ Space forbids me to explain further this distinction, which is absolutely fundamental to the physicist.

ting of the radiobe in two. This process alone is not characteristic of organisms; it is illustrated as well by a drop of mercury which falls on the floor. When a cell reproduces itself, the nucleus of that cell plays a fundamental part in the change; but, though radiobes possess "nuclei," Mr. Burke has not shown that this portion of them takes any part whatever in the division. Radiobes do not reproduce themselves like organisms.

I must confess to considerable scepticism as to whether these radiobes really divide at all. It is clear that if a cell was not carefully watched during the actual process of division, the observer might be deceived by the overlapping in the field of his microscope of the images of two cells lying nearly in the same line of sight. It is natural to turn to plates given in Mr. Burke's book (pp. 108-113) to see whether this possibility is excluded. It will be found that there is no evidence one way or the other, but an examination of the figures reveals a curious circumstance. It would naturally be expected that, when many radiobes were dividing, the lines joining the centres of the pairs of radiobes would be equally distributed at all possible angles. But it is at once obvious in every plate that the lines of division of the several pairs are all very nearly parallel. Since the plates appear to be drawings and not photographs, this extraordinary coincidence raises a doubt as to whether the author has drawn exactly what he observed. I would not accuse Mr. Burke of careless drawing—a proceeding utterly incompatible with the accuracy to be observed by every scientific man in describing his experiments. But he ought to explain this curious feature of his plates, or he should publish photographs verifying his observations.

It is unnecessary to show that the attribution of other vital functions to ra-

diobes is unwarranted. Mr. Burke relies chiefly on metabolism and reproduction, and I have criticized his arguments sufficiently. I hope that it has been proved clearly that even the modest claim that the radiobes are good models of living organisms must be pronounced inadmissible.

Mr. Burke's theory of life—with which *The Origin of Life* is chiefly concerned—consists of two parts: (1) That metabolism is the essential part of life, and (2) that the radioactivity of the nucleus controls metabolism.

On the first point enough has been said already. If the author uses the term metabolism in the same sense as in other parts of the work, metabolism is no more characteristic of life than of a house built of brick; if he uses it in its accepted sense, radiobes do not show metabolism, and the second part of the theory falls to the ground.

The second part is founded on the existence of radiobes. The metabolism of radiobes, says the author, is controlled by the radioactivity of the nucleus; this is evidence that the metabolism of organisms is controlled by the same influence. But no proof has been adduced that radioactivity has got anything to do with radiobes. They are produced by a highly radioactive substance, radium, it is true; but it is quite likely that it is not the radioactivity, but some other property of radium which is the controlling factor. It is this incomplete induction which is the most damning feature of Mr. Burke's work in the eyes of scientific men. He has jumped to his conclusion without attempting to eliminate possible alternatives; he should have tried whether it were possible to produce radiobes by the use of any material other than radium. But since the publication of his first "discoveries" he has announced no further work whatever. He has continued lecturing and writing about radiobes at a

time when his first care should have been to elucidate their nature more completely.

However, Mr. Rudge has carried out the experiments which Mr. Burke should have made long ago. He has shown that he can produce structures which have all the properties which Mr. Burke believes to be vital—growth and decay, and so on—just as well by the use of barium, strontium and lead as by the use of radium. The common feature of all these elements is that they form a sulphate insoluble in water. Mr. Rudge has produced convincing evidence that the “cells,” or radiobes, are nothing but little bubbles of water produced in the gelatin by the action of the salts upon it, and that the nucleus is merely the grain of insoluble sulphate that is one of the products of the process.

But if radioactivity is not concerned at all in the production of radiobes—and even if there were no evidence against this view, there would be none for it—the whole of Mr. Burke’s theory of life collapses. Further criticism is, therefore, unnecessary. I need not draw attention to his remarkable statements about a nucleus consisting of “a polymeric form of carbon” “possessing the radioactive properties of the more unstable elements”: or to the wild speculations and unjustifiable hypotheses which are characteristic of the whole of that part of Mr. Burke’s book in which he attempts to describe the way in which radioactivity controls metabolism. The author does not seem to understand the true nature of the cell

ne is explaining; he confuses the nucleolus (which he calls “nucleosus”) with the centrosome, and uses such meaningless expressions as “the karyokinesis of the centrosome.”

Enough has been said to show that Mr. Burke’s radiobes have but little scientific interest, and that the excitement over them stirred up by the newspapers is wholly unjustifiable. This is by no means the first instance in which the daily press have caused grave harm by the deplorable attitude which it adopts towards scientific research. Not only are false views disseminated as to the aims and methods of science, but by the rewards of fame and honor offered to sensational “discoveries,” and withheld from patient and laborious investigation students may be seduced from the strait and narrow path which alone can lead to results of lasting value; men of science are not generally actuated by a desire of newspaper notoriety, but the temptation is none the less harmful. Journalists would be wise to leave scientific matters alone, but if they are determined to deal with them, common prudence might suggest that it is advisable to entrust this portion of their business to those who, having acquired experience by their own investigations, are competent to judge the work of others. If the latest “sensation” does anything towards improving the attitude of the Press towards Research, Mr. Burke may be recognized ultimately as one of the benefactors of science.

Norman R. Campbell.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO.

1842

Fogazzaro is the prophet of the new awaking of the Catholic Church; one of that group of writers in England, France, Switzerland, Austria, Russia, Italy, who are treating religion as the matter of supreme human interest and receiving an amazing popular response; one of those latter-day reformers who believe that the Church has but to act up to the original article of her constitution expressed in the words, *Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*, to become once more the "one fold" of Christendom, and who, out of their very loyalty, are seeking to bring her back to her lost ideals. And there are many others, not Romanists, who share this enthusiasm, and who, valuing the liberty for which our fathers fought, rejoice in the dawn of this liberty in the older Church. To such as these every "clerical defeat," from the great *débâcle* of 1870 to the latest French election, has seemed but a step towards purging the poison of politics out of her blood; every stripping of temporal power has meant the restoration of so much vital energy to its proper spiritual channel. There are even many who, recognizing not only her heritage of truth held in common with all Christendom, but also her unique hold upon the human heart in her deep comprehension of, and response to, its needs—the fruit of her age-long experience—like to count themselves the spiritual members, and their various cults the *sorores minores* (some day to be so acknowledged) of the one great Church, Catholic and Apostolic, the reverend and revered Mother of us all.

To all such the present movement appears of an intense interest and significance. A religious mood such as this is, of course, no new thing in lit-

erature. Any reflex of human life must again and again return to this, its most universal note. As at the beginning of the twentieth century, so at the beginning of the nineteenth, writers were possessed by this recurrent theme. Chateaubriand was restoring religion to art at the same time that Manzoni's *Inni Sacri* were infusing its ideals into the popular movement of the day. But the mood passed; in the stupor that followed the feverish years of the Napoleonic domination the interest in religion died out, and when the intellect of Europe re-awakened it woke not to religion but to science.

Needless to recall how science dominated the middle century, and how the popular mind, intoxicated with a little knowledge, cast aside its old gods, false and true alike. The new conception of evolution and the extended knowledge of natural law had, as everybody knows, their first crude effect in an enormous loss of religious faith. Atheism was the great word on people's tongues, soon relegated to the lower sort of working-men's clubs, where boys in their teens fulminated on the strength of a couple of penny pamphlets against the wisdom of the ages, and modified on the lips of the better educated into the more reasonable word Agnosticism, a word still favored by many, were it only as a sounding term for throwing the whole business over the hedge. Whatever the word of the moment, the spiritual inspiration was gone, and writers of romance were thrown back upon their sensuous perceptions—with results not at first entirely displeasing. But the sensuous, thus materialized, could not but degenerate into the sensual. Romance, to sum up some words

of Pompeo Molmenti's, became first physiological, then pathological, then putrid.

Inevitably, and mercifully, the reaction has come. Science is seen to be but in its infancy, or at most in its adolescence, and not yet in position to challenge convictions rooted in elemental human nature and truths recognized before it was born. The general intelligence is beginning to perceive what the finest intellects have all along seen, that natural and spiritual law are neither intersecting lines which run athwart each other, nor parallel lines which never meet, but radii of the same circle, merging in the central truth. First there has been the rehabilitation of religion as belonging to a reasonable intelligence, then the renewed insistence on the Christian definition, and finally the movement represented by Fogazzaro, in which the future is boldly claimed for the Catholic Church, no longer a temporal but a spiritual power, no longer Roman but Universal.

The three contemporary Italian novelists, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Grazia Deledda, and Antonio Fogazzaro, are to some degree typical of three stages in this development. D'Annunzio, whose genius is beyond all question, who in respect of art is the greatest of the three, whose fine imagination, poetic insight, delicate sense of beauty, and magic spell of language, should have made his work a great gift to literature, is nevertheless without moral greatness. The refined sensuality which appears to form his philosophy of life has not sufficed to inspire a single strong and noble character. His books are an ornament to the *dolce facella*, not to the *alma d'Italia*.

Grazia Deledda is of a far nobler, a far stronger, but scarcely of a more inspiring spirit. Her realism is of the relentless type which spares no detail of the sordid, or even ghastly, wages

of sin. Duty is her ideal, high, austere, cruel. Do right, she seems to say, though knowing that only evil will come. Gather up the forces of the soul and set forth steadily along the road of an august despair. Towards the end of "Cenere," representing her hero's mood, she writes: "Tutto era cenere; la vita, la morte, l'uomo; il destino stessa che la produceva." And though a few lines lower the book is closed with the assurance that "egli sentì che fra le cenere cova la scintilla, seme della fiamma luminosa e purificatrice, e sperò, e amò ancora la vita," yet there is no uplift in the words, and the conviction clings to the unamended thought. That, not this, is the true outcome of the whole matter; the close reads rather as if some instinct of wholesomeness has risen up and compelled her to give the lie, though feebly, to the whole philosophy of her own book.

Contrast Fogazzaro's handling of the tragedy of *Cenere*—the effect upon an upright man's career of a disgraceful and degraded mother—as it occurs, episodically, in "Daniele Cortis." There is an equal truth, an equal pain, but not an equal despair. His tragedies do not have their issue in the outer darkness. He has the immortal gift of recognizing the ideal in the real, the poet's ear to discern the underlying harmonies of existence. Above the degenerate Epicureanism of d'Annunzio; above the brave but unilluminated Stoicism of Grazia Deledda, he surveys with clearer eyes the mystery of life, *sub specie aeternitatis*.

× The outward facts of Fogazzaro's life can be summed up in few words. He was born at Vicenza in 1842, amid troublous times for Italy and for Venetia. His father took part in the defence of Vicenza against the Austrians in 1848, while his mother sat at home making cockades for the troops. Though his imagination was thus

stirred in childhood by the agitations and alarms of war, yet the family life was, on the whole, tranquil, occupied for the most part with the cultured interests to be expected in a city which liked to be called the Venetian Athens. The elder Fogazzaro was musical, an accomplished pianist, and a lover of Bach and Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn, even in the 'fifties and 'sixties, when classical music was little regarded in Italy. The boy was brought up amongst books, bred on Dante, in love with Ariosto. He was fond of English novels, especially those of Dickens. German he never liked and seldom read. Perhaps the events of 1848 had left him with the true Italian prejudice against the Tedesco. It is only fair to say, however, that he loved Heine—in a French translation! But no book was more constantly in his hands than Chateaubriand's "*Memoires d'Outre-Tombe*," the volume so beloved by Elena in "*Daniele Cortis*." Cortis himself, by the way, is represented as having had in his boyhood "*un amor fantastico*" for Chateaubriand's Lucile, wherein it may be permitted to suspect a touch of the author's autobiography. From his boyhood he was a dreamer of great dreams, resentful of the prose of life when it broke in upon his musings. Study for its own sake was his passion; the University degrees it brought were unimportant accidents. Needless to say, he had the usual sorrows of youth, the sharper for the fine issues to which he was touched. He went through his Freethinking period, when he revised his inherited creed and defined its relation to himself—"ma pur conservando sempre nel fondo un vago senso di spiritualità," says his biographer, Molmenti, though he does not add, as he might have done, that this innate sense of the spiritual was no more than his poet's heritage. He had his forty days in the wilderness, too,

like most people who have a great task before them, and spent several weary years of apparent idleness suffering "*il tormento di che si sente chiamato a qualche cosa e non s'è ancora trovato*," years which in their lack of visible achievement were a disappointment to his friends and most literally a "torment" to himself.

The deliverance from this stage was reached in the writing of "*Miranda*," a poem in which a youth's transient love is wrapped—as youth wraps all its griefs—in an atmosphere of tragedy. It is a boy's poem, with some fine lines in it and a promise of better work to come. When, after a long secrecy, his father was permitted to see it, it won his warm commendation. And no doubt the story of the youth's immature passion, of the maiden's fidelity and sorrow, of the death at his feet whereby she regains the love she had lost in life, provides legitimate matter for a tragic poem. But Fogazzaro had not quite weight enough for it at the time; he was too inexperienced, too young. Not that he was a boy in years, for he was already fully thirty; but it appears that the time a man takes to get to know the world depends greatly on how wide a world he is capable of. The poet has his horizons in infinity. It was a part of this great heritage that he kept his youth so long.

Verses having filled up the intervening years, "*Malombra*" was published in 1881, at the expense of the author. It has since gone through many editions and been translated into various languages; yet nobody can blame the publishers for their first hesitation. Though the book had been in hand for six years, it showed on publication almost as much need of pruning as if it had been dashed off without revision. It is marred by perpetual digressions, too often vague and futile and with little relation to the subject

in hand. The explanation is simply that Fogazzaro had been steeping himself in spiritualism, hypnotism, mysticism, and what not, without sufficient touch on ordinary daily life to provide the necessary correction, and that his mental grip was weakened, his thought diluted, his style spoilt by diffuseness. The book is in a sense a study of the Buddhistic conception of immortality in reincarnations and transmigrations of souls. The heroine, Marina di Malombra, believes herself to be animated by the spirit of the long-dead Cecilia Varrega, with certain tragic responsibilities attaching to that personality. Like Maria Selva in "Il Santo," and (to quote a still more recent example of an incident apparently growing in popularity!) Pierre Loti's Turkish heroine in "Les Désenchantées," Marina enters into a correspondence with an unknown writer whom she meets later in emotional and peculiar circumstances. The interest for most readers, centres on this man, Silla. He has been compared to Werther and also to Hamlet, and is, as a matter of fact, like neither, though it is possible to discern traits of both. In any case, he forms a fine study of a certain type of intellectual temperament.

In 1882 Fogazzaro spent some time in Rome, an experience which seems to have developed that practical grasp of affairs, more generally associated with the poetic temperament than a superficial world realizes. He studied political theories, and political practices, and learned to bring his idealism into touch with mundane conditions. The familiarity which he gained with the methods and surroundings of the Chamber of Deputies equipped him for the writing of his great novel, "Daniele Cortis," still his literary masterpiece, since the excellence, like the present vogue, of "Il Santo," lies rather in its propaganda than in its art.

"Daniele Cortis," "il breviario degli idealisti," appeared in 1885, and was at once seen to be, in point of art, a great advance upon "Malombra." There is more measure, more control. The fanciful element is more disciplined and superfluities are less tolerated. The hero, Cortis, is one of the finest creations of modern romance, a statesman, strong, virile, and dignified, carrying his high ideals into Parliamentary life, and exemplifying in the difficulties of his career the discouragement that invariably attends the effort to take the even way of justice rather than the easy slope of political partisanship. When he says that a Government must have regard to the religious sentiment of the nation a bruit goes round the papers that he is a clerical. When he denounces the evils of unworthy priests, the clergy of his own parish forbid the people to vote for him, or, would have done so had not his cousin Elena (with a fine disregard of general principles!) timed her charities well. When he proposes to establish a new and moderate party, to be represented by a journal called the *Democrazia Cristiana*, he cannot find a man to understand his aims. His ill-conducted mother, long supposed to be dead, appears upon the scene to shame him with her false emotions and her vulgar jealousies. Elena, the woman he loves, and who desires nothing better than to devote her life to him, is married to an unworthy and disgraced husband, and their friendship is a danger to them both. He takes his mother to live with him, supports Elena in her decision to go to America with her husband, and turns, as a brave man should, without self-pity and without despair, to the public work lying at his hand.

The scene of their parting is utterly pathetic, he supporting her weaker will in the duty of abandoning him, and

lifting her up out of her doubts into his own strong faith.

"'Daniele,' diss' ella 'ci vedremo più?'"

"'Dio è buono,' rispose Cortis, gravemente."

Then they exchange their marriage vow in the words graven on the old column beside which they stand:

"Innupti sunt coniuges non carne sed corde: sic coniunguntur astra et planetæ, non corpore sed lumine; sic nubent palme, non radice sed vertice."

After she is gone he reads her parting message, left for him: "D'inverno e d'estate, da presso e da lontano, fin che io viva e più in là. 18 aprile 1882."

An hour later he sends this telegram, "Senatore P. Roma."

"Parto subito per mettermi interamente a disposizione degli amici. Cortis."

This is the keynote of the book, straightforward, uncompromising devotion to duty—an ideal as high, as exacting, as ever was Grazia Deledda's, but whose last word is not pain, nay, which offers the only antidote to pain, an antidote lying homely and at hand like the dock-leaf beside the nettle. This is Fogazzaro's "idealism"—to see the dock-leaf there, and to use it.

The mysticism driven out of "Daniele Cortis" by the sheer grit of its hero found a graceful outlet three years later in "Il Mistero del Poeta," a romance known to English readers through the sympathetic translation of Miss Anita MacMahon. It has some of the faults of the earlier books, and is indeed little more than a mist of love and tears, but its sweet and exquisite feeling has beauty even where it misses strength.

For the next ten years Fogazzaro, like the rest of the world, was occupied in adjusting his thought to the

new theories of existence and of religion, brought into view by the new scientific discoveries. He was practically the only Italian Catholic to accept the theory of evolution, and his "Discorsi" and "Ascensioni Umane" are chiefly concerned with the Darwinian theories and their relation to religious thought. His attitude of mind to such questions seems to have a good deal in common with that of the late Professor Henry Drummond, whose "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and "Ascent of Man" had such a phenomenal popularity some twenty years ago. The "Ascensioni Umane" has just the suggestion of the former in its thought that it has of the latter in its title.

This vein of religious disputation is pursued in his next romance, "Piccolo Mondo Antico," published in 1896, the hero, Franco Malroni, and his wife, being the protagonists for faith and scepticism. With Fogazzaro it is nearly always the man who is the believer and the woman the sceptic, a view which, while it reverses the popular idea in this country, has no improbability in the educated class of which he writes. Men, even irreligious men, usually prefer women to be religious, and women who are not trained to intellectual independence, generally take the view which wins the approval of those about them. But these women are not of the class from which Fogazzaro draws his heroines. There is in fact no rule of sex in the matter among educated people, unless it may be said that men are more often sceptics through indifference, and women through defect of imagination. Fogazzaro's heroes and heroines are alike in earnest, and out of his characteristic view of a high spiritual sense on the one side and a keen practical intellect on the other there is developed a conception of love, as noble as it is rare, in which the man has some moral inspiration to offer to a

woman with brains enough to judge of its worth.

"Piccolo Mondo Antico" is, on the whole, chiefly interesting as introducing the now famous Malroni family. Four years later in "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" we follow the earlier fortunes of Franco's son, Piero Malroni, the "Santo" to be. As he appears in this book he is by no means a saint, though there is the vein of mysticism in him which makes such a development possible, but merely a clever, cultivated man of the world, of no particular morality. Jeanne Dessalle, a young married woman, separated from her husband, falls in love with him, and he, being free from domestic ties, since his wife is in a lunatic asylum, is willing enough to devote himself to her. The story is not a pleasant one, being a somewhat detailed study of the decadent side of modern life, a study, which some of Fogazzaro's admirers regretted, though, as the event has proved, it has provided the germ of his most notable achievement.

In 1898, Miss Helen Zimmern, writing in the *Bookman*, hinted that Fogazzaro was then at work on a new book which should develop his philosophy of this "piccolo mondo," and set forth his views as to the future of the Church. "Il Santo" is that book. In it Piero Malroni, the profligate and decadent, appears as the saint of the new movement, the Teacher whose holiness of life and doctrine point the one way by which the Catholic Church may be restored to its ideals. The steps by which this conversion is attained are characteristic of the author and of Malroni. Called to the death-bed of his wife, he is brought to penitence by her words. In the night after her death, while keeping vigil in the chapel hard by, he sees, as it were, written upon the darkness, the words, *Magister adest et vocat te*. Obeying this call he leaves Jeanne and all his

worldly associates, and buries himself in a monastery, not as a member of the Order, but as a humble outdoor worker. His purity of soul attracts the affection and reverence of his confessor, Don Clementi, the leading spirit in a group of Catholic Liberals, eager for reform. He sees in Benedetto (as Piero is now called), the master soul who will recall the Church to her true mission.

The history of this liberal movement, Benedetto's experiences among the peasant folk (who will have him a miracle-worker, disclaim it as he may), the sympathy of the Pope, the jealousy of the Curia, and the intrigues of Quirinal and Vatican, are the vivid material of the book. For those who care little for propaganda of any complexion, the atmosphere of romance is provided in the presence of Jeanne Dessalle, her persistent search for her lost lover, her solemn meeting with him before the altar, his promise to summon her at a supreme moment in the future, her continual interventions in his interest, and her final acceptance of the faith as she receives the crucifix from his dying hands. But to those who concern themselves with the signs of the times and with the religious movement of Europe, it is more deeply significant. Fogazzaro is no longer in Italy as a voice crying in the wilderness. He is only one of thousands of Liberal Catholics, Christian Socialists, Catholic Democrats, or whatever name they may prefer, who will no longer submit their souls to the governance of such as seek to keep the Church out of her inheritance of light and growth, and who are insistent in their demand for her freedom and reform. Fortunately there seems reason to hope that in the Vatican itself there is a growing spirit of liberality; it was not quite without protest that "Il Santo" was at last put upon the Index. Fogazzaro's own loyalty is

as unflinching as his zeal for purity. "Ciascuno di voi adempia i suoi doveri di culto come la Chiesa prescrive, secondo stretta giustizia e con perfetta obbedienza," says Benedetto to his friends, though he has not shrunk from telling the Pope that "quattro spiriti maligni" have entered into the Church "per farvi guerra allo Spirito Santo." They are "menzogna," "dominazione del clero," "avarizia," "immobilità." Who shall say that they are all confined to Rome? Cortis in political, and Maironi in religious, life are the protagonists of the same ideal, expressed years ago in Fogazzaro's confession, "Io sono cristiano cattolico, accetto quindi tutti i dogmi nel loro vero e proprio senso, dalla isperazione dei libri sacri alla infallibilità pontificia," and proved in his unquestioning submission to the Council's decree against his book. His letter (printed in the *Morning Post* of April 23) is that of a devout son of the Church, to whom obedience is an elementary duty. It is strange how fully he has had to walk in the footsteps of his own hero, Cortis, in suffering the attacks of the clamant partisans on both sides. The Clericals have denounced his book as unfit for the faithful to read, and the Anti-clericals have in their turn denounced his submission as proving him unfit to hold his place on the Council of Education. The Italian Government has shown its wisdom in that it has refused (on June 15—the news comes at the moment of writing) to remove him.

Apropos of the confession just quoted, Molmenti says, "ma nel cattolicesimo separa ciò che egli, come i pochi veri credenti, accoglie come ispirazione divina, dalla ire e dalla fiere intransigenza del clericalesimo costituito in parte politica." This he sees to be the great evil, as indeed it is the bane and degradation of every church and sect where it occurs, "questo ignobile connubio della religione con la politica." It is not that he would wish to forbid

The Monthly Review.

the clergy their interest in public affairs. For him "il prete che non si sente cittadino e un oltraggio alla stessa religione," but there is a class of priest in which he sees a disgrace and menace to the Church, "il clero politicheggiante, incapace d'ogni alto ideale, privo d'ogni istruzione scientifica e letteraria, misero di pensieri e di sentimento." It might be worth the while of observers belonging to other communions to leave our horrified exclamations at such a state of things and inquire what is the deep secret of vitality in a Church which has survived the ministrations of such priests as these.

As a writer Fogazzaro is the child of Manzoni; as a social reformer he has much in common with Lamennais. *Dieu et Liberté*, the motto of Lamennais' paper, *L'Avenir*, might have served for Cortis' *Democrazia Cristiana*, Lamennais too found in the Catholic Church the great voice of humanity, and the channel of the Divine response. Lamennais too declared that the Church, were it but freed from political shackles, would give new life to the world. The phrase, "a *bonnet rouge* planted on a cross" marks rather a distinction than a resemblance between the different ideals, but the cross is common to both if the *bonnet rouge* is not. They have both loved truth and desired to see it enthroned in the Mother Church. And to neither of her sons has the Mother Church been particularly grateful, though more so now than then. For now it is the Church herself who is beginning to wake from sleep, and respond to the cry for light and progress. And in view of the function of a Church in this world, it is good to see in the forefront of a movement for sincerity a personality that can be described, even after criticism, has enumerated all possible limitations, as "sempre significativa di un'alta spiritualità."

Harriet Reid.

WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

DAYS OF PETER'S LIFE.

"Peter," said his wife, a few evenings afterwards, "you are not yourself—you have not been yourself lately; there is something the matter. Won't you tell me?"

She was sitting at his feet in readiness for the accustomed lesson, but Peter had fallen into a deep muse with the book open on his knee.

He shut it quickly now, and looked down at her without speaking.

"Is it," she went on timidly, "is it the old story? Poor Peter!"

"It is the old story," he said, huskily: "but there's something new, too. Do you remember the flowers which you took that day to—her."

"I remember," returned Prue, and her hand stole into his.

"The other day I saw the man she imagined they came from."

"Oh! and did you?" said Prue, faintly. She scrambled on to her knees, and laid her cheek upon the clenched hand which her own was already clasping.

"He's a young man," went on Peter, "young and very handsome—as handsome as a picture——"

Prue jerked back her head incredulously.

"I do 'low," cried she, "he's not a bit better-looking nor you!"

In spite of his sore heart her husband laughed.

"That's a matter of opinion, isn't it? Anyhow, she didn't think so. The strange thing is"—here he grew grave again—"I believe the fellow has forgotten all about her."

"Forgotten her! Then he can never have loved her."

"But she loved him, Prue; that's the mischief. She loved him so well that the mere memory of him overshadows her whole life. She tried to love me—did I ever tell you that? She honestly tried, because she was so lonely, and because I——"

He broke off; Prue's cheek had dropped on his hand again, her loosened hair hid her face.

"When it came to the point, as you know," he went on, "she couldn't put up with me at any price. So you see two lives have been wrecked for the pleasure of the man who cannot now remember that she ever existed—two lives—I may say three."

"How three?" asked Prue, from under her hair.

"Why yours, my poor child. If—if that man had been true to Nathalie I should never have seen her, and then I might have come to you with a free heart; I might have brought you a love—the sort of love you ought to have, Prue."

"Oh, no," said Prue, shaking back her hair, and squatting down on her heels, "you mightn't have come to me at all then, Peter—I don't believe you would. You would have gone on living in your fine big house, and you'd—you'd—perhaps you'd have married some pretty young lady. Oh, don't pity me, Peter! I'd rather have things as they are—half a loaf is better than no bread."

And with that she nodded sagely.

On a certain morning a letter came from Mrs. Meadway. She wrote pretty frequently, but her missives, as a rule, while they displayed considerable originality in the matter of orthography,

were in other respects rigidly conformed to the traditions in which she had been educated. Thus her main object appeared to be to convey the slightest possible quantity of news with the utmost conceivable ambiguity of phrase.

But on this occasion the letter contained an announcement of importance.

After the opening sentence: "Hoping you are quite well as this leaves me at the present time likewise your dear husband an' I'm thankfull to say Father is no worse nor usal"—the good woman proceeded to inform her daughter that Miss Manvers had died during the previous week.

"'Twas suddent at the last, but not unespected along of the old lady flieling in the face of providence with never haveing no doctors nor meddysins what was made for the likes of her as had plenty of money and no proper family to leave it to but my dear doughter what do you think Miss Manvers died onrepentant and only wishing she'd begun them outlandish goings on what killed her a few years earlier."

"Wonderful old lady!" exclaimed Peter, as he and Prue deciphered this document together. "It must have been a comfort to her to keep her faith in the Abbé Kneipp to the last. Perhaps she was right. If she had begun this treatment a little before she was eighty, the results might have been more successful."

"Do you see what mother says here?" inquired Prue, who had been reading on, and who now looked up with a face that was almost scared.

"She was buried on Tuesday, we was all took by surprise to hear as she'd left everything to that young lady what come last year as calls herself Miss Manvers cusin, but Father an' me has our doubts, an 'so has a good many more, she come from out a-broad an' don't look english nor yet speak it, and is not no christian as is plain to

be seen by the way she goes to the popish chapel."

Mrs. Meadway's comments were continued at some length, but at this point Peter ceased reading and turned away.

"I should think a certain fine gentleman will feel rather sold," he remarked, caustically. "It is a pity he was quite so wise. He would not marry Nathalie, you must know, Prue, because he thought her too poor. He will wish now he had been a little more far-seeing."

"Oh, Peter," cried his wife timidly, "how bitter you are still! Can't you forgive him?"

"No, I can't!" he returned shortly; "I can't forgive him or her either."

Prue sighed.

"Don't let us talk of them any more," said Peter. "Let us forget them. It is much better to forget."

But Prue sighed again as he went away.

Later on Mrs. Meadway wrote that young Miss Manvers had decided to shut up the Croft for the present and to go abroad until the summer. The staff of servants was, however, to be maintained, and no alterations were to be made. Mrs. Meadway grudgingly admitted that the young lady was not turning out so bad, and piously hoped it might last.

Peter and Prue grew daily more at ease in each other's company, more in sympathy with each other's ways. The past was now never mentioned between them; the present in its placid uniformity seemed enough. But a day came when the thoughts of both turned to the future with new hope and tenderness.

It was late in March. Up there on the downs the leonine quality which marked the beginning of the month had made itself felt; the wind had raged among the trees, and sweeping over the uplands had hurled itself

against the little dwelling, so that the doors shook and every casement rattled. But Prue kept ever a bright face and a glowing hearth, and Peter often declared that the battle with the storm without enhanced the comfort of his home-coming.

But now the gorse was ablow, and innumerable tiny blossoms winked upwards from the short grass at a fine breezy blue and white sky, and there were little sticky tassels on the larches, and crimson buds on sycamore and elder; from sheltered hollows of the woods the daffodils shone out gay and airy, and there were violets in mossy places, and here and there primroses in bud.

Peter was busy on this particular afternoon, and Prue had carried out his tea to him in the plantation. Sitting side by side in a sunny corner they had partaken of it together as gleefully as a pair of children.

"I wish we could do this every day," said Prue, as she picked up her basket and prepared to go homewards.

"You are a perfect baby!" exclaimed her husband, laughing and pinching her cheek. "You'd like to live in the woods always, wouldn't you? Why, of course, you told me you would like to be a wild woman."

Prue set down her basket again and dropped beside him once more.

"It's quite early yet," she said; "let's sit still for just a few minutes, while you smoke your pipe."

Peter consented, and lying back on the mossy turf he smoked for a few minutes in silence, idly watching the blue spirals that rose from his lips, and gazing up through the branches at the bright sky. It was very still just there, that broken stillness of the woods which conveys above all the sense of solitude. Peter loved with an intimate affection every rustle of leafage, every clatter of swaying boughs and falling twigs, every flutter of

wings. He loved, moreover, those sounds which indicated the stir and bustle of life at a distance great enough to enhance the quietude of the wood and yet near enough to harmonize with it. The tinkle of sheep-bells—the patter of small hurrying feet on the resonant ground—the cry of the peewits, the ecstatic piping of a lark. All these belonged to the world beyond this world of trees, the waste of downland, solitary too, but not with the intensity which prevailed here. And by his side sat the only other occupant of his leafy hermitage: little Prue, still as a mouse, mute, pensive—gazing at him with eyes as softly bright as those of any other forest creature.

"A penny for your thoughts, Prue."

She started, blushing vividly; then suddenly hid her face in her hands.

"What were you thinking of?" he persisted, sitting up and laying aside his pipe.

"You'll never guess!" she replied, dropping her hands, but not venturing to return his look. "I—at that moment I was thinking of Nancy."

"Nancy?" he repeated vaguely. Then, suddenly recollecting himself, "Your doll! Wasn't I right to call you a baby? 'Tis a pity you buried that doll."

"I didn't bury her," said Prue. "I was going to bury her that day—you know, Peter, when you came and asked me—"

She broke off and Peter nodded in silence. The remembrance of that day was painful to them both.

"Well," said Prue, "after you were gone—I hadn't the heart at first to do anything about it—about burying her I mean—and then I began to think if—if you and I were to be married, Peter—I'd better keep Nancy."

"Why?" asked he.

He was not often so dull of wit.

"Why, you see," went on Prue, very haltingly, and once more covering her

poor little crimson face, "I thought, if we were married, we might have—we might have a little one of our own—and Nancy might come in useful."

"Oh, Prue!" gasped Peter. "Oh, you queer little being."

He stared at her, positively staggered by the absolute simplicity of her outlook; and she, jumping up in a great hurry, seized her basket and would have hurried away but that he, recovering his senses all at once, sprang also to his feet and intercepted her.

"Prue," he cried, "my darling child,

you mustn't be vexed—you must finish telling me."

"Oh, but I can't," sobbed she. "I can't when you are so—so—oh, Peter, how could you say I was queer!"

"I only meant that there is no one else like you in the world. My little Prue, you have more to say. Say it now, dear."

And so, clinging to him, under the swaying fir-boughs, she told him her great secret, and thenceforth between the two there was a new understanding and a deeper tenderness.

Longman's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

MOTOR-CARS IN THE PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Little more than a score of years have passed since Gottlieb Daimler, then a director of the Otto gas engine works, invented the first engine worked by explosions of gas. It was an engine worked at such unheard-of speed—we are going back to that time in using the epithet—that the heat generated in the working was sufficient to ignite the subsequent charges of gas, once the engine had been set running. In 1886 he mounted this engine on a bicycle, suspending it vertically between the front and the rear wheels, and making it drive the rear wheel by a belt. In this primitive motor-cycle, for such it now appears to us, was embodied the first real germ of the petrol-driven car of to-day, for Daimler has had many more followers than Benz, although the name of Benz is again coming into prominence. True it is that in the literature of automobilism are found essays, more or less learned, on the early struggles for what is known in automobilese as "auto-locomotion." Reference is made to Simon Stevin's wind-carriage of 1600, which was simply a square-rigged sailing boat on

wheels, probably because it is noticed in *Tristram Shandy*, and a quaint woodcut of it can be taken for purposes of illustration. Sir Isaac Newton's mechanical chair, propelled by a handle operated by the occupant, and the early steam vehicles are pressed into service. But these references are merely in the nature of literary artifice, their connection with the true subject is verbal only; and those who use the literary artifice know perfectly well that the invention of the explosion or internal-combustion engine, and that only, rendered possible the existence of the overwhelming majority of motor-cars as we know them to-day. The minority consists of steam-cars, of which a few, notably the White steam-cars of American make, may fairly be said to rival and in some respects to excel, the best petrol-driven cars in speed and comfort. Still, the output of these cars, and of the small remaining number of steam-cars which have their supporters is, although considerable, so little by comparison with that of petrol cars, that a motor-car means a petrol-driven car to ninety motorists out of a hundred.

Germany produced the original idea. It was soon taken up seriously in France by the firms of Panhard et Levassor, by the Comte de Dion, and by M. Peugeot. Mr. Martini, the inventor of part of our last service rifle but one, worked upon it in Switzerland. Holland took to producing motor-cars. Italian craftsmen, true successors of Benvenuto Cellini so far as mere handiwork was concerned, were not slow to follow suit. None of them produced better cars than, or perhaps cars so good as, the German Mercedes. America and Great Britain only were left behind; America perhaps because her roads were not, and are not, fit to drive upon except in the vicinity of great cities; Great Britain because her manufacturers were hampered by legal obstacles. Not until the Light Locomotives Act, introduced by Mr. Henry Chaplin, came into operation on November 14th, 1896, did it become legal for motor-cars to be driven at a reasonable pace on British roads. Before that they were traction engines in the eye of the law. Hence comes it that in the matter of experience Continental manufacturers have enjoyed the advantage of starting ahead of British makers by half the life of the motor-car as we now know it. British manufacturers were, in fact, the victims of a cruel handicap, and the measure of success which they have obtained in their struggle to make up for time lost through no fault of their own is vastly to their credit.

What has been the development in the use of motor-cars and in their manufacture in Great Britain since 1896? In June, 1904, the number of motor-cars registered under the Motor Car Act was 18,840, and that of motor-cycles 2203: the licences to drive issued were 54,169. Later figures might easily be obtained, but there is no doubt that the growth in the use of motor-cars during the past two

years has been very large, and it is the common experience of all of us, whether car-owners or no, that our friends and acquaintances have taken to the motor-car in great numbers. The same period has seen the advent of the motor-omnibus, *Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, against which quiet-loving folk raise loud complaint, not without justification, for it is patent that many of these vehicles, as now running in the streets of London, are ill-designed, ill-constructed, inadequately overhauled, driven without skill and without consideration for the public. Motor-lorries, light delivery vans, Post Office motor-vans, railway motor services in outlying districts, are but a part of the movement. The development in the use of motor-cars has been, in a word, immense; and the money which changes hands over them within the limits of the kingdom in a year is certainly very large. It is, indeed, far easier to believe this obvious proposition in general terms than to discover whence all this money comes, or from what channels it is diverted; for it is matter of common observation that among the owners of expensive motor-cars are many persons whose reputed means are not equal to the expenditure which they must have incurred. How much of the money spent goes into foreign pockets it is not possible to say, but the proportion is certainly large. Yet the British industry is advancing by leaps and bounds, and Mr. Worby Beaumont, whose authority stands very high, forecasted the British output between September, 1905, and September, 1906, at £4,000,000. Of this some, but not a very considerable portion, goes abroad.

Perhaps the most astonishing evidence of the growth of the demand for motor-cars is to be seen at the exhibitions. Each year sees at least one colossal exhibition of cars held under

the auspices of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, to say nothing of provincial exhibitions and of minor, but in some cases still considerable, metropolitan exhibitions. No doubt the amount of business transacted at these shows is very much exaggerated. Nothing succeeds like success, but the most profitable thing next to success is the reputation of having succeeded, and the maker of automobiles who pretends to lament, as some lamented ostentatiously at Olympia twice last year, that he is weary of writing out receipts, need not be believed implicitly. The Honorable Arthur Stanley, chairman of the Automobile Club, was probably speaking ironically when, in a speech made shortly after the triumphant success of the second Olympia Exhibition of 1905, he protested that manufacturers could have no adequate motive for exaggerating their prosperity. Still, it is beyond doubt that vast sums of money change hands during these exhibitions, and the volume of business is the more astonishing when it is remembered that, for the purchaser, the transaction is a degree more severe than one in ready money. With all the principal firms in the trade it is a rule to require a deposit of one-third of the purchase-money with the order, and the purchaser has frequently to wait long for delivery. At all these exhibitions foreign as well as British cars are shown, and at the annual exhibition in the Grand Palais a few British cars are shown. Thus, while the volume of business done is clearly large, it is impossible to say how much of it goes to profit the foreigner, or what the proportion may be between foreign and "all-British" cars owned in the United Kingdom. Both the annual exhibition at Olympia and that in the Grand Palais are "international," not merely in a Board of Trade sense, and, to judge by results,

we treat French exhibitors more fairly than they treat English exhibitors. But the matter is one on which it would be easy to plume ourselves too much. The Automobile Club of France, like the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, allots space by process of graduated and preferential ballot, the first and best chances being given to the oldest exhibitors in Paris or in London, as the case may be. The Society includes many dealers in foreign cars, and there are a few firms which can claim to have exhibited British cars frequently in Paris. Hence it comes that the application of a similar principle produces a more international result in London than in Paris.

Everybody who is keenly interested in the movement attends the Olympia Show and makes a point of visiting the Grand Palais every year. The impression left on a dispassionate mind by a series of such experiences is that British manufacturers have made wonderful strides towards overtaking their foreign rivals. How they were handicapped in point of time has been explained; but they labor under another disadvantage. Trade unionism is not so strong on the Continent as it is in England and Scotland; two years ago the mechanics in the Darracq works at Suresnes, fully as competent as any British workers in the industry, received a shilling a day less, and worked an hour a day more, than their contemporaries in England; and the French strike of 1906, for an English day and English pay, was not entirely successful. So those who, *ceteris paribus*, would rather buy at home than abroad, have a pecuniary inducement to buy abroad. They know that Great Britain produces many machines equal in point of quality to any which are made abroad, except the Renault and the Mercédès; but they find that the foreigner can give better value for

money because his labor bill is lower than that of the English maker. One other obstacle has been overcome. Time was, and not long ago either, when foreign makers could obtain from Sheffield, because they gave large orders, steel of better quality than Sheffield found it worth while to supply to British makers in small quantities. When it is remembered that, by reason of the tremendous shocks and strains to which motor-car machinery is liable, excellence of material is of paramount importance, the grave character of this obstacle becomes manifest. Happily the rapid growth of the industry has now caused the obstacle to disappear. British manufacturers, or some of them, can now afford to give orders equal to those sent out by any manufacturers in the world, and to insist upon all the perfection attainable in a material so uncertain as steel. The best of them submit all steel that they buy to elaborate chemical and mechanical tests. They remain no less and no more liable than their foreign competitors to find their most diligent care neutralized by one of those mysterious flaws inherent in the very nature of the metal. The "anarchy of steel," to use Mr. Ruskin's phrase, defeats them now and again. As, sometimes, it causes a huge bridge to collapse unexpectedly, so, at odd moments which cannot be foretold, it causes a crank-shaft to break or the whole engine of a car to be "out of tune" and, as it were, weary, for a brief space, and then to recover itself.

Large sums of money have been invested in the motor-manufacturing industry of late, and the investors, for the most part, may be presumed to know very little of the business. Huge works, covering many acres of ground, have been erected in various parts of the country, and of these the Daimler Works at Coventry and the Argyll

Works at Alexandria (which, by the way, is in Scotland) are representative examples. Are the investors on safe ground? The question implies a doubt, but not a doubt of the soundness of any of the existing firms. The motor industry has survived the mania to which all new industries are subject, and many fingers have been burned through handling enterprises foredoomed to failure in any event. Still, the doubt remains, and the need for caution is urged for a deeper and more distant reason. The motor trade is only twenty years old anywhere, only ten years old in England. The manufacture of motors improves, in matters of detail, every year; but the improvement is in matters of detail only. It is impossible not to observe, and to lament, a tendency to rest assured that so far as fundamentals are concerned, in relation to the "idea" of the motor-car, as Plato would have said, finality has been reached. Equally impossible is it not to conclude that, humanly speaking, it is in the last degree improbable that such finality has been attained in so very brief a period of time. The conclusion is strengthened by the notorious fact that, in England at any rate, a large number of the leading manufacturers are persons who, having enjoyed little or no training as mechanical engineers, drifted into the motor-trade from the bicycle trade. In some measure the conclusion is weakened by the knowledge that some of the Continental manufacturers, M. A. Darracq and M. Martini, for example, were brilliant men and engineers of experience before motor-cars were heard of among men, and that they and their like have not yet succeeded in bringing the prospect of a complete revolution in the essential principles of the car before our eyes. It is also weakened a little by the fact that most of the genuinely great engineering houses of Great

Britain have devoted serious attention to motor-cars of late, and that there is still no obvious sign of a complete metamorphosis of the motor-car. Still, to assume that perfection has been reached, apart from matters of detail, in a score of years, is to ignore all the lessons of history. Moreover, signs of a possible metamorphosis in the near future are not entirely wanting. Electric power, where it can be employed with reasonable economy, is infinitely preferable to that developed by an internal-combustion engine. It is less vibrant, it facilitates starting, it needs no change-speed gear, with its resultant shocks and wear and tear of tires. To its general adoption nothing is needed but that improvement in accumulators which some claim to have secured already. It is quite conceivable that the idea embodied in the Krieger system, which is actually at work, that a car may be driven by electricity, generated by a separate engine on the car, may be simplified and worked economically. If that time comes the petrol-driven car will become as obsolete as the packhorse. Therefore, caution is enjoined to those who have not time to watch the advance of science, so that they may escape at the right time.

This warning, necessary as it is deemed to be, has been thrown out only by way of parenthesis. The first essential fact for the present purpose is that the motor trade is a great and growing national possession; and the next, and equally essential, fact is that the motor-car has entered into, and become a part of, our national life. Go where you will in the country, and you will find that there are country gentlemen who, except for hunting and for the purposes of agriculture, have given up "our friend the horse" for the motor-car, and that, sentiment apart, they do not regret the change. Distance is nothing to them. Friends

forty or fifty miles off can be called upon in the course of a day, or even of a long afternoon; the car can be left at the hall door or in the stable-yard, without attention, until it is needed again; it can stand in the cold, or in the sun, with impunity; it does away with the terror of cross-country journeys by rail. It is, apparently, of the utmost service to our general officers, who accomplish all kinds of phantom manœuvres by its aid, to their own mighty satisfaction and to the mystification of the public; it almost enabled one such, a year or more ago, to discover his own Army Corps. Nothing, indeed, but the non-existence of the Army Corps in flesh, blood, and khaki prevented the general from discovering it; and he enjoyed the ride, at the expense of a grateful country, amazingly. Less questionable, perhaps, is the value of the motor-car to the medical man, both in town and in the country. No carriage-drawing horse has a less enviable existence than that of the town doctor, who must be about in all weathers and at all seasons, attending patients who may be better or may be worse, uncertain until he has entered the sick-room how long his visit must last. Of a country practitioner the experiences were narrated not long ago in the *Times*. A motor-car cost him, including depreciation, about £300 a year. It did the work of six horses, and it enabled him to do more work than he could have done with sixty horses. With it he could, and did, travel some 10,000 miles in each year, and he could arrange his appointments on the foundation of confidence that he could travel from one to another at the rate of eighteen miles to the hour. This, of course, would be impossible of achievement by multiplication of horses; it is the perfectly simple result from multiplication of horse-power. Many more illustrations might easily

be given, but they are not necessary, since they will suggest themselves readily.

We have disposed of one side of the question. Motor-cars will unquestionably grow more and more in the land, not less and less. How are they to be treated by the law and by the public, which, in the long run, makes the law? Owners of motor-cars will, unless the foundations of society be changed, always be in a minority; that is to say, although cars will become less expensive than they are, the multitude will not be able to afford to buy or to hire them, and foot passengers will outnumber them as they have always outnumbered "carriage-folk." How, it is repeated, shall they be treated? There is, perhaps, no social problem of modern times upon which it is so difficult to look with that detached and impartial mind which is essential to just judgment; but happy chance, I venture to think, has placed me in a position of exceptional advantage in this respect. I live in a part of rural England that is much haunted by motors; there are six, at least, in the nearest village, and a great trunk road runs close to my house. I have suffered most of the experiences that go to the making of a confirmed anti-motorist, and I am by no means anxious to suffer the rest of them. That is to say, motors have made my horse run away, and have left me temporarily blind and a pillar of dust on the road many a time; but they have not yet killed me, nor any of my family, nor of my dogs. That is one side of my experience. On the other hand, without owning a car, I have taken some of the most delightful drives, long and short, in small cars and in great, that it could enter into the heart of man to desire, and I know from experience that travelling in a motor-car, apart from the rapid impressions which it conveys of "this amazing England," to quote Mr. Kip-

ling, is one of the purest and most undiluted of human pleasures. The giant engine-power, enclosed within so ridiculously small a space, hums with infectious melody; the air seems to wash the face that is driven through it, as if it were some cool and exhilarating liquid; the brain, compelled to register observations quickly, works with abnormal brightness and rapidity. Of the car, far more than of old Flaccus's racing chariot, is it true that *terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos*.

So riding I have learned certain facts which those who have not used the motor-car extensively are naturally slow to realize. The first, of course, is that a generation of horses is growing up which is not more alarmed by motors than by any ordinary object of the road. Indeed, I acquired a pony recently who, having been reared in the New Forest, shied far worse at houses and at gratings, which last most horses dislike, than at motor-cars. So much, perhaps, is beginning to be understood; but the next and the paramount virtue of a motor-car, its absolute obedience to control, is not so easily believed. My first lesson was gained when Mr. S. F. Edge, a renowned expert, was driving me down Chislehurst Hill at a pace, moderate for a motor-car, which would have been frightful for a dog-cart. Less than six yards in front of us a foolish child, playing perhaps at the suicidal game, "Who will cross last?" darted out into the road and, terror-stricken no doubt, stood full in the way. If we had been in a horse-drawn vehicle, going ever so slowly, the child must inevitably have been knocked down, perhaps killed. As it was, without saying a word, instinctively as it seemed, Mr. Edge stopped the car, and, before there was time to think, we were backing up the hill. There have been many illustrations since, but none so forcible as this. "Controllability," to coin a word,

has its dangers, however, or rather its temptations, especially for the young driver. He learns that the machine can be steered to a nicety by a touch of the wheel; he knows that he can bring it to a standstill within a marvelously short distance; and that is well, but there is a corollary evil. He forgets that the drivers of vehicles which he passes or meets, and even pedestrians, are not always to be implicitly trusted to do, or to be able to do, exactly the right thing. So, confident, and justly confident, in the scientific accuracy of his own machine and in the skill of his own hand, he leaves so little space to spare that the slightest error on the part of the other person must lead to an accident; and an accident in which a vehicle weighing a ton more or less and going at a fast pace is involved is likely to be of a very serious character.

Generally, the effect of experience as a passenger in motor-cars is to render him who has enjoyed it less anxious than before when, in the character of pedestrian or of bicyclist, he sees the approaching motor-car, or hears the warning blast of its horn from behind. He proceeds with well-grounded confidence that so long as, if a cyclist, he is on the right side of the road he is perfectly safe, except, perhaps, from the annoyance of dust or from the fear of skidding, if the sides of the road be greasy. No longer, as was my custom—and it is a practice intensely exasperating to motorists—does he dismount and take refuge in the ditch or on the footpath. Nay, more, if the sides of the road be really greasy and dangerous, he will adhere boldly to the side of the safe crown of it, leaving the motorist room to pass him slowly and securely on the outer and more uncertain surface.

This confidence is born from repeated observation of the anxious consideration which all good motorists, who are

distinctly in the majority, show for other users of the King's highway. In discussion with their comrades, and in their purely automobile papers, they may, and most unwisely they do, talk a vast amount of heartless nonsense, rejoicing in cynical paradox infuriating to the ordinary citizen. I have heard an estimable motorist declare, with an appearance of solemnity, that the worst obstacle he and his fellows had to encounter was the pedestrian; yet it is reasonably certain that this amiable gentleman would stop his car on a lonely road to save a worthless dog from committing suicide, and that for the sake of the dog, not for that of the car. I have sat for some thousands of miles in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in the Isle of Man, side by side with good drivers, noting their conduct with care and with satisfaction. As a matter of course, and without exception, they exceed the legal limit, taking the risk of police in ambush, when such excess is in other respects absolutely safe; when, for example, as happens often among the high Cotswolds, on the Bath Road, or on the Holyhead Road, the deserted road presents itself clearly to the eye for a couple of miles ahead, and no side-road debouches into it. At corners and in passing through villages or hamlets, on the other hand, their care is meticulous. They are always watching the road as far ahead as its direction permits, and if any other vehicle is seen approaching they study the demeanor of horse and driver, so that if either shows signs of nervousness they may slow down in due time. They have learned, too, that when a horse is nervous the sound of the human voice from the car will frequently serve to convince the animal that the machine is not a monstrous portent, but something associated with the human beings he has learned to know. Truth to tell, however, the horse-driver

is usually alarmed before the driven horse, and in his fright conveys his excitement to the animal by snatching up the reins and by wrenching his mouth. Mr. Kipling, in a published letter to Mr. Filson Young, has written humorously that the fear of the motor has promoted temperance by frightening carters from leaving their horses and vehicles unattended outside public-houses. "Now there are fewer beasts outside, and those within are not so sodden." My personal experience is the reverse of this. It is rather that the unattended horse is often at the tavern door, but not nearly so likely to start and bolt at the sight of the unexpected car as the horse supposed to be under the care of an inattentive but suddenly roused human being.

It follows from the foregoing observations that my opinion—it is that of a man well qualified for impartiality by experience, be it remembered—is that of the majority of the Royal Commission: the legal speed-limit is unnecessary. In truth, it is worse than unnecessary; it is dangerous. Legislators would be well advised to take human nature into account, and to remember the effects of restrictive legislation upon other classes of men in the past. Lawyers are well aware that the effect of the Solicitors' Remuneration Act and of statutory scales of costs has been to increase rather than to diminish the totals of the bills of costs ultimately payable. It was once my unhappy fate to be compelled to agree to pay a solicitor's out-of-pocket expenses. They included moneys which he certainly had not expended, but they were moneys to which, equally certainly, he was entitled legally as "out-of-pocket expenses." When a man is tied down strictly as to his charges he will, in nine cases out of ten, demand the uttermost farthing allowed by the law. In analogous fashion, the man who is tied down

strictly as to his conduct, as the motorist is by the legal limit, will naturally be disposed to guide that conduct not by a constant endeavor to do what is right, but by a persistent desire to keep on the safe side of the law. Speed-limits on the open road are merely irritating. Some drivers of the better sort regard them, out of respect for the law as such, or from a feeling that it is not prudent to be known to disrespect the law while automobilism is on probation; others, still of the better sort, disregard them absolutely when they think the coast is clear of police, and keep an untroubled conscience. Speed-limits on roads where danger is to be reasonably apprehended, where the road curls, or cross-roads come, or villages have to be passed through, operate only to encourage drivers of the baser sort to drive much faster than prudence permits so long as they are inside the limit. It is true that they are as liable to prosecution for driving to the common danger as for exceeding the limit; but they do not realize this, and it is not reasonable to expect them to realize it. In this respect I find myself, and nearly every other motorist, at variance with a much-respected Royal Commission. The legislation needed, the legislation which all good motorists hope will follow from discussion of the report of a conspicuously level-headed Royal Commission, is the abolition of all speed-limits, the establishment of an identical law of furious driving and driving to the common danger for all vehicles, and the exemplary punishment of justly convicted offenders against such a law. Even the anti-motorist does not hate the "road-hog" so cordially as the well-conducted motorist detests him. The "road-hog" endangers the lives and destroys the comfort of all alike, of other motorists not less, perhaps more, than of pedestrians. He is also a

standing menace to the very existence of the motorist's pastime; for, great as is the importance of the automobile industry, many and influential as are the motorists of Great Britain, headed by the King, motorists and motor manufacturers are alike conscious that more powerful than them all, competent to extinguish automobilism as completely as cock-fighting has been extinguished, capable of taking that extreme course if exasperated beyond all bearing, is the omnipotent people of England.

Mark, please, those words "justly convicted." Even justice, the fair treatment which used to be called English, and that with proper pride, has not been conspicuously manifest, has indeed been conspicuously absent, in the treatment measured out to motorists by some notorious benches of county magistrates. Motorists are chidden sometimes for making public reference to "police traps," but the plain truth of the matter is that they have abundant justification. The Motor Car Act of 1904 was passed with a view to the protection of the public. "Police ambuscades," to use a longer but equally pointed phrase, coined by six magistrates who laid a memorial of protest against injustice before the Royal Commission, are set "on unfrequented roads," instead of being so placed as to work for the safety of the public. The language of the six county magistrates who signed this memorial concerning this practice may well be quoted.

"It tempts the police to make statements about speed which, as they cannot be contradicted or disproved, may safely be made regardless of truth; it induces feelings of bitter antagonism between the police and that rapidly growing section of the community, the motoring public; it brings the magisterial bench into disrepute and the administration of local justice into contempt; and it diverts the attention of

the police from their ordinary and more necessary duties." These words are strong, but not a whit too strong. It is matter of notoriety among motorists that there are English counties in which police ambuscades are systematically set on lonely and tempting stretches of road, that in those counties, or some of them, exorbitant fines are inflicted on those who are convicted, and that the unconfirmed evidence of two policemen, whose powers of using a stop-watch accurately, no easy task, are about as doubtful as the accuracy of their watches, is habitually accepted in the face of overwhelming evidence for the defence. From this knowledge follows, as a necessary consequence, a feeling of recklessness amongst automobilists and a sense of bitter injustice. It is not merely a case of "I may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb," but rather "I shall be hanged if I do not steal either, so I may as well take both and chance it." While there may be some room for doubt whether the law is or is not wrongly conceived, no thoughtful man will deny that to administer it in a spirit of prejudice, passion, partiality, and plunder is puerile and pernicious. From such administration come protests such as that of the six magistrates, apologies from the bench to defendants whose licenses they have been compelled to endorse, as in a Welsh case, outspoken protests from members of the convicting bench, as in a Surrey case, and a fierce and resentful indignation in the hearts of motorists which, to put it mildly, cannot tend to foster in them the spirit of good citizenship. Childish injustice converts them into Ishmaelites.

Automobilism will live down all this. Indeed, the signs of reaction are so conspicuous that they may reasonably hope that the next Act, based upon the recommendations of the Royal Commission, will be rather enabling and

emancipatory, so far as considerate drivers are concerned, than irritating and hampering. Unfortunately, the most important question of all that are involved in automobilism remains untouched, and it is the dust problem. While motor-cars remain as they are, and British roads remain as they are, the passage of a motor-car, even at a moderate pace, on a dry day will continue to raise an intolerable cloud of dust. How great this nuisance is motorists are, for a reason easily to be explained, slow to appreciate. On a drive of some 200 miles not long since, in fine weather, I sat beside the driver—we were both free from “goggles”—unconscious of the very existence of dust until my charioteer, having his eye fixed on the distance in front, called out cynically, “Here is one of those horrid motor-cars; look out for your eyes.” As the two vehicles passed one another both slowed down, but the nuisance was considerable notwithstanding. Travelling along the open road, it is hard to remember that, while no dust is raised in front, there may be clouds of it behind; and it is difficult to show consideration to every pedestrian passed on a long road. Nor is the nuisance confined to wayfarers. Correspondence in the Press mentions roadside shops that have become worthless, roadside residences that have lost much of their saleable value, to say nothing of their amenities, roadside crops that have been ruined by the invasion of clouds of dust raised by passing cars. The subject is one which motorists, for their own sakes if not in the interests of others, ought always to keep in mind, for it is by no means certain that, on the basis of the doctrine *sic utere tuo*, a motorist is not liable to be mulcted in damages for raising a cloud of dust and, let us say, destroying a dairyman’s milk in his shop. He might plead that he was acting within his rights in driving a motor-car inside the

legal limit, and that the state of the roads was the real cause; but the answer would be that there were two causes, and that he and his motor were one of them. The case would be one of first impression, but I should not like, using another legal phrase, to stand in the defendant’s shoes before a good judge. Certainly, if the action were triable summarily, and the offence were committed in some counties that might be named, the defendant would be well advised to agree with the adversary quickly.

The Automobile Club and its dust committee on their side are doing all that is possible to reduce this grievance. They hold dust trials, as at Maidenhead Thicket last year, with the object of ascertaining whether some shapes of car are less dust-raising than others, or whether certain appliances attached to the cars are effectual in reducing the evil. Distrusting the impressions produced upon the eye, they have the passing cars photographed and timed, and compare the photographs and times at leisure. The impression produced on spectators, which is the impression that really matters, was on this occasion that on a disgracefully dusty road all the cars raised an intolerable amount of dust when travelling at speed, and that the devices were of little if any avail. The truth of the matter is that the evil lies deeper. Our trunk roads are now far worse in point of condition than in the old coaching days. The metalling used is frequently of inferior quality, inadequately broken up; the binding material is wrong in point of quality, far too abundant in point of quantity. In the corner of the world that I know best just now the practice is to spread metalling, mostly in pieces far too large for binding, on the unscarified roads in late autumn, to cover them with earthy grout, to soak them with water, and to run a steam roller over

them a few times. That kind of road is not built to last; it is the most absolutely perfect nursery-bed of mud, or of dust, according to the season of the year. A properly constructed road, the Chester and Whitchurch road, or some of the highways in the Cotswolds, for examples, is far more dustless, far less muddy. But instead of roads worse than those of the coaching days, we ought to have roads better in point of quality, and to have them would be both easy and, in the long run, true economy. There are at this moment

The Fortnightly Review.

several well-known preparations, English and French, which cost little to apply to a road, render it absolutely dustless for a long period, and pay for the initial expense by prolonging the life of the surface. They are preparations perfectly familiar, appreciated by some enlightened county surveyors, and in the use of them, upon roads more scientifically repaired than is now customary in England, is to be found the real cure for the most severe of the incidental nuisances of automobilism.

Cygnus.

THE JUDGMENT IN THE FIELD.

I.

Hiding behind the Jheegal Hills creeps the little river Oosa.

Taking its rise in the woods near the village of Perevolk, about a mile and a half from the Volga, this little river flows through the hills like a branch or "lip," and, cutting diagonally across the Samara Bend, falls into the main stream two hundred miles higher up, close to the Molodetz Mound.

By sailing from Perevolk down this stream, instead of up the Volga, one can get to the other extremity of the bend in a few hours, and thus save four-fifths of the distance.

In ancient times, the pirates of the Volga used to take advantage of the Oosa. They would fall upon convoys near Perevolk; and, if their prey escaped them, they used to drag their little skiffs across to the Oosa, overtake the fugitives, and plunder them again near the Molodetz Mound. To the present day the Oosa retains its pirate aspect. It flows through the dark woods of Jheegal between high cliffs and ravines, wild and desert, now disappearing into the forest, and then again suddenly emerging, sometimes broad and calm, sometimes

broken into a stormy torrent or bursting into rugged cataracts. Its high steep banks are covered with ancient forests of pine; and no trace of a human habitation is to be met with anywhere. Silence reigns supreme as you glide along in the little lateen-rigged canoe so well known on the Volga. The surrounding country is all "Government Reserved Forest"; the mountain sides are overgrown with thick woods, just as wild as they were hundreds of years ago; and, the further you sail down the Oosa, the steeper and gloomier grow the banks. The river flows under overhanging crags, and through a deep defile at the bottom of a steep precipice. High in the heaven tower threateningly the craggy tops of the hills, like the jagged spines of some fabled monster, or like the battlements of turreted castles. Aged pines, tossed by the wind, chaunt raucously wild melodies, and gloomily whisper to one another weird tales of robbery and wrong. And in this gorge the wind changes every minute, mocking the sail; while from beneath the rocky banks roar subterranean springs and caverns

loom, dark with black waters. On this spot one cannot help believing in the strength of devils, in witchcraft, and in huge serpents and mighty dragons. It would almost seem as if that invisible brute force which oppresses mankind had here its chief dwelling-place. Driven out and exorcised elsewhere, it hides here in subterranean caverns under the mountains. Among the people of Jheegal live songs and traditions concerning every hill: strange tales breathing the wildness of the mountains and the poesy of the woods. A high precipitous hill, known as the "Maiden Mount," overhangs the Oosa. From it, once on a time, hundreds of years ago, a young girl—a pure and guiltless maiden—was hurled into the Volga; and, ever since then, in the spring of every year, the village that bears the maiden's name is burnt down. The fire always breaks out in the middle of some night in spring; and, as it blazes, the people behold on the hillside, in the glare of the conflagration, the fiery form of the agonized maiden. No one knows why they flung her down. It is all forgotten; and the secret is merged in song.

Here too is the boundary known as the "Voyvode." It marks the site of a red palace with lofty windows—a Voyvode's palace—which once overhung the Volga; and the story runs that the Voyvode's wife loved a gallant pirate.

He sailed to her in his light skiff, and whistled like a nightingale. A window opened; and, by a cord let down, she drew her lover up to her. On the last visit he never returned from the palace. The skiff floated down the stream without him; and behind it floated a little cap with purple crown and golden tassel.

This secret, too, is merged and lost in song.

On the Oosa stand also twelve little mounds—tombs of twelve brothers. It

is forgotten now who these brothers were. The deep old secret is lost in ancient tradition; and all is swept away in mystery, in poetic song and gray legend. Still, one can almost imagine that in that ancient pinewood, and around the trunks of the trees which crown the mountain crest, glimpses can be caught of something grim—something grandly melancholy and mighty—in golden crowned hat and deeply braided robe. The shadows and shades of a distant past dwell here; and the ghosts do not recognize the new owners of these wondrous hills. They regard themselves as the only lords of the free life here. A warrior race—a strong daring people—once dwelt in these mountain tracts. Their life was free; and they perished in the strife for liberty. They passed away long, long ago. But one would like to know who lives here now, and what has become of the descendants of those powerful races, the real lords of this countryside, who once watered it with their blood. And—as if in answer to these thoughts—the Oosa suddenly emerges from a deep gorge into an open valley surrounded by a horse-shoe of hills gazing pensively down on Selitba, a poor, gray, mournful looking village, which has found a place of refuge in the valley on the banks of the stream, a poverty-stricken little hamlet in the midst of a splendid rich natural environment. Here it is that the Oosa falls into the wide overflowing Volga, so broad here that its flat meadow banks are hardly visible to the naked eye. And just where the waters meet, stands forth, as if on guard, the frowning Moledetz Mound, the head of a fabled giant with puckered, sadly ruffled, stony front, with wrinkled brow and green pinewood locks; and the murmuring wavelets splash against his sad face, and the rustling pinewoods whisper in the breeze around his crest. But the

Mound stares gloomily at the neighboring mountains, with their green head-gear, and with peaceful ridges reflected in long rows on the mighty mirror of the stream, and frowningly continues to think the pirate thoughts he thought of yore. And so good, so thoroughly good, appears this happy countryside, so deep its repose, so gracious its tenderness, and so gentle its sadness, that one feels disposed to envy the people who dwell here—so unlikely and impossible does it appear that human sorrow, suffering, and wrong, could survive in such a land. More than one hundred and thirty years have passed away since this wondrous land along the Volga—these streams—these woods and these mountains—belonged as hereditary property to a Count. In an unbroken line this little kingdom had passed from generation to generation of the county family whose representatives never dwelt there. But Selitba was still more ancient even than the old county family. In the little old village church are kept ancient chronicles in which the story of the settlement is told.

It was in the time of the Emperor John the Terrible that free settlers came to this spot. They were barge men from Novgorod, who came with their culverins and halberds, drove out some Mahometan tribes, and settled and entrenched themselves round about the Mound. They lived in constant warfare with the nomad tribes, and became the border bulwark of the Kingdom of Moscow, and a terror to its enemies. The Emperor Alexis appreciated the exploits of these gallant warriors of Selitba, and bestowed upon them the whole valley stretching up to the village. The "Imperial Writing" making this grant was preserved from generation to generation by the elders of Selitba. And long lived these settlers midst their inaccessible forest glens,

hidden from the outside world by mountains and woods; and for years upon years no one knew anything about them. Age succeeded age; but the "Children of the Wood" continued to live their unchanging lives just as of old, and knew only their own land—their woods—their mountains. Then the "Law of the Serf" found them out, surged over them, and swept them away into the rut. And so, in the reign of Katherine, they were handed over, together with the land, body and soul, for ever and ever, to "the splendid and distinguished Count" and his posterity. After this there was no longer any need for the "Royal Writing." So the Imperial Charter was forgotten and lost. There remained only a dim, ineradicable, never to be forgotten legend about it; and the old men used to tell their grandsons the tale of the "writing of the King."

Subsequently serfdom fell. Thereupon the peasants proceeded to take up their little allotments; and it looked as if they had been left without a clod of earth, so closely were they shut in by the big possessions of the Count. Very soon they were once more turned into mere "working hands" on the Count's estates; and they tolled and tilled their lord's soil, after the "Freedom," just as they had done before the "Freedom." This Freedom, as it were, passed by Selitba without even touching it. It left the little hamlet, and went off beyond the mountains and the woods, while the peasants remained bound as of yore, lived their low, slavish lives, and suffered in perplexity. Only the tale of the "Imperial Charter" began to revive with renewed force, embellished with fantastically picturesque fictions, born, God knows how, in the poetic soul of the peasantry; and in this soul survived, ever young, all the distant legendary past, and a confused jumble of old for-

gotten traditions of the "land," and of "Freedom," of "Primitive Justice" and of "Ancient Patriarchal Life." And their native wood, just as it did hundreds of years ago, enchanted them with its secrets; and impressed and nourished in their souls dreamy old-world thoughts. And nothing did they know of the doings of life beyond their wood, behind the steepes of the mysterious mountains where flowed their own pirate river, and whither the mighty Volga poured its waters to the sea. History, with iron heel, paced on behind their backs; and they lived on in a world of woodland tales, of murmuring streams and sportive echoes, while, deep down in their sleeping souls, in dim mysterious imaginings and dark confused recollections, lay, like a fabled treasure, some lost but mighty verity. And in them survived a longing for some old, eternal, mighty, God-given "Right"; but they found neither words nor parables whereby they might express this longing. And a shade of gloomy suffering and of stony patience settled on their rounded, bearded, rough countenances; until at length there grew something in common between their faces and that of the gigantic, thousand-year-old, Molodetz Mound.

And long would they have lived, thus, in deep submission and mysterious silence, had not the legendary "Writing of the King" been found. One day a fire burst out in Selitba; and the hut of a poor lone woman, about a hundred years old, was burnt down. They threw her goods out of the window, and, amongst the rest, a little old chest, which burst as it fell. And, from an unknown secret drawer, leapt forth an old parchment roll, streaked with strange letters, and written all over in little known characters. A wondrous roll it was, with a massive old seal. The notary in the town made out the writing, and read and translated it

into the tongue of Jheegal for the edification of the wiseacres of Selitba.

In this half legendary Charter, thus accidentally brought to life again, the mighty Emperor took them all under his high Imperial protection, pardoned their former transgressions, and, in recognition of their warlike exploits, rewarded them liberally with the land and rights in perpetuity. A heavy seal, bearing the Emperor's name, was attached in due form to the document; and with "august hand" was written the Imperial name, long since lost in the depths of antiquity.

Many golden dreams are dreamt by people; many heavenly visions pass before the sleeping soul of man. But, to the peasant, there comes but one dream. The peasant dreams of land. Dark thoughts of the dark gray land always live in his soul. All kinds of fancies, all kinds of poetic visions, all kinds of groundless imaginings, mingled in the simple souls of these primitive children of nature; and, from that time onwards for twelve long years, way-faring pilgrims from the village of Selitba tramped to the Court-houses and hung around the Town Halls of the big towns.

They were always seeking some "subterranean Chancery"; and, instead of this, they happened upon a prison or a madhouse. They seemed to have stepped out of the sixteenth century. The age did not understand them; and they did not understand the age.

All they wanted was a "Tribunal"; and, to whatever Court they came, they handed in strange petitions. And, wherever handed in, these petitions were returned; and no one complied with their request for a trial, or consented to appoint a "Tribunal."

To many these sturdy, independent, original people seemed interesting persons enough, with their handsome typical appearance, with their picturesque national costumes and ancient

leather wallet containing the phantom, fabled "Writing" of an almost legendary Emperor; officials gazed on them with curiosity, as upon actors in an Opera or Ballet, glanced at their "Writing," and sent them from government office to government office—from one lawyer to another.

At last the pilgrims came to the Emperor. But they did not succeed in reaching the royal presence; and, after all their efforts, they went back, without accomplishing anything, to their homes in their native village of Selitba.

For a time, all their visions about their land faded away; and then they revived again with fresh force. Some casual passer-by assured them that the thing was all right, and that they could get the land judicially assigned to them. So, once again, they called together a village council, discussed the question with many hums and haws, and finally drew up preliminary proposals, and appointed pilgrim deputies. And again the deputies proceeded to the distant city which knew them not, waited and wandered long, and once more returned homeward with nothing done. They wrote to the Count. The Count lived abroad, and did not answer them; and his German steward drove them away without even hearing them. They drew up propositions, praying that the land should be "wrested" from the Count; and they delivered their petitions to the "Chief Revenue Authority" to be placed before the "Highest Authority." But the "Chief Revenue Authority" threatened and abused them, kept their propositions to himself, and did not send them on.

And so, for twenty years, went on the same old fruitless, unending story—the wearisome tale of peasant ignorance, stupidity, and obstinacy, wearying everybody.

For no one could make them under-

stand, or persuade them that the good old Moscow Tsar, Alexis Michaelovich, had now no power, and that his mighty Imperial word had no longer any force; that he could not arise for them from the ancient tomb of the Moscow kings to support the claims of the descendants of those favored free warrior clans who had subdued for him the rich principedom of the Volga. And no one could prove to them that this "Right" in which they trusted, which they sought and could not find, had no longer any real force or existence. For, deep down in the depths of their mysterious silent souls, did there not lie the constant eager longing for it?

II.

One bright May morning, when the overflowing Volga and the full stormy Oosa were especially lovely, reflecting on their bosoms the green hills; when the glad spring sunshine was striking with its golden beams across the diaphanous milky green mist which had risen over the smooth expanse of the mighty river in its majestic gentleness, strength, and repose—on this marvelous morning, in the centre of the wondrous emerald ravine framed in by the semi-circle of hills clothed in the softest of green, just where the limits of the village and the Count's lands meet, something very unusual was going on. A gathering of some thousands of women and children, and a whole camp of wagons, ploughs, and horses, were stretched along the plain. The whole of Selitba had come out to this spot; and, in addition to the inhabitants of Selitba, large crowds from the neighboring villages, and from the little town, just visible on the horizon through the thin golden mist, had gathered together. And the crowd hummed and buzzed as at a market. The horses were unyoked from the wagons, and were grazing close by.

The wagon shafts were raised high in air; and close to almost every wagon blazed a little cooking fire, on which women were getting the meal ready. And these numberless little fires gave the huge encampment a wild, old-world appearance, recalling the old nomad life of the people.

The chatter of the men and women, the whining and crying of the children, the neighing of the horses, produced a strange, weird impression; and down the centre of the camp—for a whole mile—stretched a chain of three or four hundred ploughs with horses yoked to them. And all this picture harmonized strangely with the mighty hills; and the Mounds, the spreading, sparkling river, and the wood—the endless wood—covering the whole mountain crest, were reflected in the stream, and stretched away to the verge of the softly blue heavens.

Near a land-mark in the centre of the encampment stood two big tables covered with table cloths. On one lay utensils and Church ornaments for Mass, with a sprinkler for the Holy water—a censer—books—a cross-bun loaf with embroidered napkin, and salt in a huge carved salt-cellar.

On the other table lay writing materials—pen, ink, paper—and there also lay the well-known leather wallet containing the "Writing of the King," the Imperial Charter.

The little old village priest from Selitba had already donned his chasuble, and thrown back his thick white locks from under his collar. The crowd silently and stolidly pressed towards the tables, and uncovered their heads. In front of them all stood the village elders, the hundred men, and some of the oldest peasants, with long white beards.

The *Te Deum* began.

The crowds reverently crossed themselves and moaned; many fell on their knees and wept, turning their faces up

to the clear blue sky. In the hush of the sacred service, the murmur of the waves and wood was borne from afar, in a deep, scarcely audible, melodious undertone.

On the previous evening, the peasants of the village of Selitba had gathered in solemn conclave, and had come to a decision with regard to the "Rural Tribunal"—the Judgment in the Field. They resolved to go out into the field, and to call thither from all the countryside the "neighboring people," to summon the Count's steward, to inform the Chief of the Police and the Principal Revenue Authority; and, in the presence of the "neighboring peoples," and before the eyes of the chief, to display the "Royal Writing" which bestowed on them their rights, and then to demand that the steward should put on the table, alongside the "Royal Writing," those documents by virtue of which the Count claimed and possessed the land, and then—let it be as the "neighboring peoples" should decide. If they adjudged the land to the Count, then the peasants would submit and disperse; but if the neighbors found in favor of the peasants, then the whole body of settlers should at once begin to plough the land in triumph. Let the Count, then, submit to the judgment and prove his right!

But if, when they began to plough, the Count's people or the town-police interfered to prevent them, then on no account should they oppose them or have resort to violence; and, lest any peasant should get involved in a conflict with the authorities, they resolved not to carry with them a stick, or a twig, or even a whip for the horses, so that their proceedings should not be confounded with robbery or violence, or with seizing what did not belong to them.

All they wanted was their right, and that justice should be done them.

They had been driven, after twenty years of fruitless sufferings, to have recourse to this "summary procedure"—to this Judgment in the Field.

The cracked voice of the little priest was hardly audible. In a deep bass the deacon murmured the responses. The crowds of worshippers moaned deeply; and, in a wave of gentle, even sound, was wafted down upon them the music of the pine-wood. Suddenly, far off from the hillside, in the direction of the Count's mansion, a carriage, and outriders, emerged on the high road. The sacred service ceased.

The crowd once more began to hum and buzz, and disjointed exclamations were heard.

"The Chief of Police is coming."

"And the village police on horse-back."

"The steward too. He's with the Chief."

"And the Revenue Administrator is with them also."

"And look! they are all on the Count's horses. Ha! ha!"

A scornful titter arose.

The Count's elegant barouche soon drove up to the encampment, drawn by a pair of black horses. The carriage was accompanied by an escort of mounted police.

The peasants ceased from talking, crowded together, and took off their caps. In front of the crowd stood forth the village headman, and a tall, handsome old man, with a long beard as white as wool.

In their hands they held the bread (on a napkin) and the salt.

The authorities slowly descended from the carriage.

The elderly, but still robust, Chief resembled a King of Diamonds on a card. His beard was long and wavy; and, slightly parted down the middle, fell on his big chest. He had a handsome, thoughtful face; and there was a good-tempered look in his big jolly

eyes. Tall, with the mien of a young man, one could see that he was one who loved female society better than anything in the world, and that he was just the kind of man women approved. The appearance of the Revenue Administrator did not produce a favorable impression. He was a big, baggy, clumsy-looking gentleman, built like a bear—red-haired and round shouldered—with heavy brows, and a dull, cruel, narrow, wicked expression on his gloomy, crafty face. One could tell at a glance that he was disgusted with the people, detested them all, looked upon them as good-for-nothings, and loved to play the tyrant.

Behind these officials the steward sneaked out of the carriage. He was a German with a black beard, in a straw hat and canvas costume. He glanced at the crowd contumeliously, scarcely concealing his contempt.

The headman and handsome elder presented the "bread and salt" to the Chief; and broken phrases of the short speech the headman made reached the ears of the crowd.

"We live by bread and bread do we offer! . . . don't condemn us unheard. . . . For no evil purpose have we gathered together. . . . Be pleased to hear us out. . . ."

The Chief, by a wave of his hand, directed them to put the bread back on the table; and then he himself walked up to the table, followed by the Revenue Administrator, the steward, and the policemen.

The crowd opened to receive them, and then again closed round them in a deep, closely-packed circle.

The Chief, with a rapid glance, took in the sea of heads, the encampment, the cooking fires, and ploughs; and quietly asked, in a hoarse bass voice:

"What's the matter? Why have ye gathered together?"

The whole crowd spoke at once. Even the women shrieked something.

as they surged and swayed, and raised their arms to heaven. The Chief waved his hand.

"Quietly! Silence! Let some one from amongst you speak . . . the elected!"

The headman and some old and young men stepped forth.

"We are the elected!"

"Then let one of you speak!"

Voices arose from the crowd.

"Do *you* speak!—Epaneshnikof, or you, Bashaef!"

Bashaef began to speak. He was a man of some thirty summers, a vigorous, energetic young peasant, of medium height, with light, curly beard.

"Your Honor!" he shouted in a clear ringing voice, "we have not come forth to rob! We have come to till our own land, our own! Bear witness. Lo! here face to face are the lord steward and the neighbors, the people who dwell beside us. We ourselves have invited them. Let them judge us here. We desire to be judged in the open field, as our forefathers were judged! Your Honor. Look here. Here on this table lies the royal writing, the Imperial endowment from the Emperor Alexis Michaelovich himself, who now rests in God." (Here Bashaef crossed himself.) "The land is ours. Why does the Count claim dominion over and possess it? Let the lord steward put on that other table the Count's 'writing,' the Count's title. It may be that his 'writing' is stronger than ours—then we will go away. That the neighbors will decide! We demand, and it is our pleasure, that he should show and put his title deeds down there on that table! . . . We, for twenty years . . . let him put it down!"

His ringing voice reached every part of the field.

"Yes! let him produce and put down his title deeds," hoarsely shouted the crowd.

The Chief stroked his beard; and the crowd gazed at him and grew still.

The steward stepped forward as if he wished to say something. He spoke in a soft, low voice; and what he said was hardly heard by the back ranks of the crowd.

"I fail to understand" . . . came his broken words: "What's this judgment about? What? And why? . . . What right have you? . . . I am not obliged . . . and I won't show or produce anything."

His voice was drowned in a hostile groan from the crowd.

"Aha! He won't produce it. The German, Ugly-phiz!"

"He evidently has nothing to show!"

"Did you hear? He won't show!"

"He won't show!" howled the crowd.

The Chief waved his handkerchief; and, when the uproar had subsided, he drew himself up, jerked his full flowing beard on one side, and shouted: "I warn you. You are acting and plotting contrary to the law. There is no such thing as Judgment in the Field, or a Summary Tribunal. And there must not be. I advise you to go away to your homes."

"We won't go away!" was growled forth on all sides. And a general hubbub began.

The crowd began to grow excited and to gesticulate wildly; glimpses could be caught here and there of fists, of wagging beards, and of flushed, angry faces. A thousand voices shrieked in varying tones.

"We insist! . . . Let them read it! . . . Twenty years! . . . The document! The Chief! God! . . . Right! . . . Law!"

The brutal Revenue Administrator had long been quivering with fury. Pale with rage, and with eyes flashing fiercely, he pushed his way forward and shouted something in a bellowing voice, shaking his fist at some one.

The roar of the crowd began to lessen.

"I forbid you!" resounded his threatening shout. "Be off! Mutiny! Rebellion!"

At the word "rebellion" all suddenly grew still. It was as if every one remembered his determination not to give any excuse to the authority for charging them with riotous violence. The crowd seemed somehow spontaneously to repress itself. Only suddenly, somewhere behind the row of bent heads, arose a dark, shaggy face of the pirate type, with daring little eyes as sharp as needles; and in the sudden hush rang out a clear, easy mocking voice:

"Oh yes, your Honor! That's your business; all you have got to do is to forbid. The whole lot of you have been bribed and bought up by the Count. We will lay our bones here; but we won't go away! Of that you may be certain!"

"No! we won't go away!" thundered the crowd. "We are not going to rebel! We are acting according to the laws!"

"Sirs! Neighbors!" resounded Bashaef's voice once more, as, appearing on the table so that he could be seen by all, he unrolled the Charter and, stretching it forth towards the people, half shrieked and half intoned:

"Oh, neighboring peoples, have you seen our 'Royal Writing'? Look! Here it is! Look at it! Have you seen it?"

"We have seen it!" echoed a thousand voices.

"But the steward . . . his Count's writing . . . he has not shown it!"

"No, he has not shown it!" rang through the field.

"That being so—whose is the land?"

"Yours!" with one voice thundered the neighboring peoples.

"And if ours," triumphantly continued Bashaef, raising his ringing voice higher and higher, and inflaming the crowd with his own enthusiasm, "if it is ours, our mother land, our own, how do you bid us deal with it, oh

friends, good sirs and neighbors? Should we plough it?"

"Plough it!" thundered the field.

The Chief of the Police, the Revenue Administrator, and the steward, hurried to the carriage. The village headman helped them in.

"I am going to the Governor," said the Chief of Police excitedly. "Meantime at least take care that there are no collisions! I have given my police orderlies instructions not to provoke you!"

"I hear! Your Honor—we beg forgiveness!"

The carriage whirled away.

But four hundred ploughs were already prepared to work; and up to the first plough stalked Epaneshnikof, the handsome old man who had presented the bread and salt to the Chief, a constant mover in the affairs of the village of Selitba.

Tall, strenuous, with long white beard, in gaiters and long smock, he stood at the boundary post. Then he drew himself up, as if he had suddenly become a young man again. His eyes flashed fire; and, waving his hat to the rest, he shouted hoarsely:

"Plough! and God be with you!"

Then, crossing himself with a big sign of the cross, he wiped away the tears with his sleeve, and gripped the plough.

"May the Lord bless us," murmured his quivering lips.

A policeman stood in the line of the furrow barring his way; but when the old man reached him he went round him, just as he would go round to avoid a stump, and carried the furrow further, to where another policeman similarly stood in silence. Other policemen in the same way stood across the furrows of the other ploughs; and the latter went round them just as the old man had done.

None of the ploughers carried whips. And the broad fields soon became cov-

ered with crooked, complicated winding furrows, resembling unknown letters, or ancient cabalistic signs, in which perhaps lay hidden some deep mysterious significance, or perhaps some key to the correct understanding of the soul of the nation.

Thus, in huge gigantic characters, did they inscribe on their mother land the story of their "Right," their wild cry for Justice. And it seemed to them that this wild cry of theirs would go forth like some mighty tocsin, and would arouse all Russia.

Three days and three nights did the whole camp, without letting the neighbors go, live in the field awaiting the advent of the Governor.

On the fourth day he appeared; and with him came the same Chief of Police and the Revenue Administrator, surrounded by an escort of cavalry carrying bundles of fresh rods cut in the forests of the Count.

The Governor stepped forward threateningly, incensed and furious. He was a big, tall, healthy man, but effeminate in face, with pink, clean-shaven cheeks, and close cropped hair. As soon as they saw him, the whole crowd sank on their knees, while the headman and Epaneshnikof presented bread and salt.

But he smote the bread and spilt the salt. He did not articulate. He spluttered, and, as he spluttered, the foam from his mouth sprinkled the gold braid of his uniform. He began his speech with the words, "Rascals," "Robbers," and concluded it with a shriek: "You will be punished." And he forthwith commanded them to seize the ringleaders. And they seized forty-three of them, the very oldest, the most venerable, and the most highly respected and the best people of Selitba.

And, there and then, they laid them on the ground which they had taken possession of; and, silently and sub-

missively, lay they there on their own mother land, surrounded by a thick ring of the Governor's Guard. And then could be heard the switching and whistling in the air of the long rods; and groans arose, and re-echoed far deep, suppressed, and almost subterranean.

And the crowd stood by, silent and immovable, while tears trickled down their faces. Even the Chief, to whom was committed the direction of the punishment, wept. The District Administrator alone rejoiced and enjoyed it. As the rods whistled, he kept shouting, in his harsh grating voice:—"Harder!—Har-der!"

One hundred strokes each did they receive! And they piled them for dead, all covered with blood, on the peasants' wagons, and carried them off as they carry raw-meat from the slaughter-house. A pool of blood marked the place of execution.

And as they bore them along in a slow ominous train into the village, the blood flowed forth through the blood-stained wagons, and trickled to the ground in great heavy drops; and a broad bloody track marked the path to the village from the dark place of the "Drumhead Court-Martial"—the Judgment in the Field.

They received one hundred lashes each.

III.

For one whole year they were kept in prison awaiting trial—that real, regular Judgment, which they had so long striven to obtain.

And after the lapse of a year they were judged in that very same little town which could be seen from Selitba through the misty vapor of the Volga, and from which they had invited the "neighboring peoples."

And there they sat, the forty-three of them, in the poor little hall of the County Court-house, on benches which

had been got ready, at the usual time, for the public; and it looked as if they had come to judge and not to be judged. The expression of their faces was not sad, but full of triumphant confidence in the righteousness of their cause.

They were tried by conscientious officials, impartial, ordinary people, who strove hard to deal with them justly—and they were condemned.

And when, after judgment, they were taken to the Volga to the landing stage, to be sent back to the provincial town to be clapt in prison once more, the day was, once again, a bright day in spring.

The Oosa and the Volga mingled their waters, submerged their banks, and overflowed so far that one could scarcely see the distant meadow-brims; and, where the fields had stretched from the town to Selitba, there now sparkled in the sunlight a broad laughing sea of waters, over which, like a distant shoremark, towered the giant head of the Molodetz Mound. And, just as of yore, outlined in horse-shoe shape, the green velvety hills smiled a welcome reflected in the gentle, full-flowing stream.

And so good—so good in the fullest sense of the word—looked this favored land, so full of all forgiving peacefulness, of patient meekness, and of gentle, womanly sadness, that it seemed strange and out of place to see soldiers with drawn swords leading along to the bank a group of kindly, peaceful countrymen.

And, close behind this group, streamed a great crowd of people. All Selitba was there, and the whole countryside, and all the dwellers in the town, eager to see the sight.

And as the prisoners passed on with bowed heads, they glanced at no one! There was something beyond comprehension in their bowed backs and slow deliberate movements. It looked as if

they had not realized the reality of the "Judgment" that had been passed upon them; and that they still cherished in their disenchanted souls those imperishable tales and fancies of old time, and carried with them some unrevealed secret regarding the quest for "God-given Right." It looked as if—having once again failed to find this Right—they were once more setting forth on the same distant, wearisome search; and that, so far from dying or being scattered and destroyed, the old story of the "Writing of the King" would spring more brightly into fresh bloom from their blood, and that the story would be embellished with songs, telling of "the dread Governor," of "trials," of "chains," of "jails," of tears and sufferings, and of unjust "Judgments."

Slowly and sadly the countless throng followed them. There was no talking; there was no weeping. The motley crowd simply paced in silence along the sandy bank; and a yellow cloud of thick golden dust rose and stood above them, irradiated by the superabundant sunshine.

As soon as the prisoners had passed along the bending planks on board the little tug-steamer, the whole crowd pressed to the very edge of the water; and there they stood, in a silent surging mass, while hundreds of faces and eyes were turned towards the victims.

Slowly the steamer started; and there, on the deck, the prisoners stood, all in a row, pale, with close-clenched jaws, clutching convulsively, with rigid, out-stretched hands, the ship's hand-rail.

They stood, immovable, as if petrified, their eyes intently fixed upon the crowds of their fellow-countrymen, and turned towards their native hills. And, in their marble immobility, one realized the deep tension of enormous strength. Their rounded faces seemed turned to stone; and their clinging,

clenched fingers seemed made of iron.

The steamer passed away, steaming faster and further, and growing less; and the crowd stood long upon the bank, gazing over the bright expanse of the river, sparkling in the spring sunlight, until the ship sank from sight like a dark speck.

And then, little by little, without a word, without a sound, the crowd broke up, just as if after a funeral, and crept slowly away in separate groups on their several roads. Not a soul was left on the bank. All around, Nature remained unmoved, unchanging, life-gladdening, impartial, indifferent, regardless of Man.

Beneath the broad beams of the sun
The Independent Review.

rolled the Volga, and loomed the mountains full of deep silence and repose. Such were they hundreds of years ago; and such they remain to-day.

The green hills, with their curly tops, are reflected in long outline on the glassy depths below. The flat meadow **marge** afar is hardly visible.

Aye! And there—gazing gloomily over the broad encircling expanse—rises the Molodetz Mound, that giant head with that all powerful expression of stony patience and secret sadness on its wrinkled thousand-year-old front, still frowning, still knitting its brows and thinking eternally its own old pirate-robber thoughts.

J. B. Skitaletz.

JAPAN AFTER THE WAR.

The quiet of early morning was broken by the heavy booming of big guns rolling sonorously through the air, and awakening responsive echoes in remote corners of the city on April 30, 1906, a welcome indication to the vast concourse of people gathered in the capital that day had dawned fair, and that nothing stood in the way, therefore, of the successful carrying out of the prearranged programme. Little need was there, indeed, of the thunder of guns to herald forth the news, for the sun shone gloriously from a cloudless sky, and from early dawn expectant crowds of men and women streamed joyously westward to the Aoyama parade-ground, where were drawn up from an early hour the pick of the victorious Manchurian armies. Upwards of 31,000 men, fresh from the triumphs of the Yalu, Port Arthur, Mukden, and Liao-Yang, stood massed in serried ranks—an epitome of the military genius of a people borne to the forefront of the nations upon a flood-tide of military achievement.

The vast gathering of spectators, banked in dense crowds on every side of the dusty expanse, awaited patiently the arrival of the Emperor. A pleasurable anticipation of things to be bridged over a prolonged period of delay, and when at length, to the strains of martial music, a company of dusky lancers clattered noisily on to the ground heralding the arrival of the royal procession, the whole vast assemblage swayed forward as one man in profound obeisance to the heaven-descended ruler of Japan.

A large force of men, answering with machine-like precision to a single word of command, is always an impressive sight; here, as column after column of khaki-clad warriors passed in never-ending procession, each headed by a man bearing a name of world-wide fame—Oyama, Nogi, Kuroki, Oku, and many more—the chords of memory were strangely stirred. To the spectator from the West, accustomed to the variegated brilliance of a full-dress military parade, the absence of all

color provided a noticeable feature, infantry, cavalry, and artillery being garbed alike in identical uniforms of sombre khaki. A single figure in scarlet, conspicuous amid the general monochrome, alone gave color to the scene—the British military *attaché*, solitary representative of Europe in all the brave array. His presence there, surrounded by the generals of Japan, was significant of many things: of the newly knit ties binding in close alliance the island empires of East and West, of the strange moves, too, which destiny indulges in, in the great game which finds a stage on the chess-board of the world.

It may, indeed, be claimed that the conversion of the people of Japan from the unyielding conservatism of centuries to the advanced liberalism of the present day, provides one of the most remarkable phenomena as yet recorded in the pages of world history. The sudden and dramatic *volte-face* of the leaders of the restoration from an unbending policy of rigid exclusion to an advocacy of Western intercourse and Western ways, threw open the flood-gates to an eddying vortex of innovation and reform, and relegated the old order irrevocably to the dusty limbo of the past. With an energy as impetuous as it had been long delayed, the venerable garments of a supreme antiquity were thrust violently aside, and from the seclusion of unnumbered centuries emerged a new and wholly unknown power—an Eastern nation clothed in the culture and the armor of the West. In the twinkling of an eye a novel figure had flashed on to the stage of human thought and action, creating new problems and imparting unforeseen direction to the march of world progress.

It is doubtless to her prowess in the field of war that contemporary opinion assigns the proud position which Japan has carved out for herself in the par-

liament of man. War, indeed, bulks largely in the pages of her modern history. The unhappy juxtaposition of conflicting interests, the ever-increasing friction between East and West, and the growing aggression and ambitions of rival Powers, set blazing the touchstone of human passions, and lit up the passage from the nineteenth to the twentieth century with the devouring fires of war. For years a succession of plots and counterplots, of intrigues and the resounding clash of arms have marred the intercourse between Russia, China, and Japan, while incidentally causing rude interruption to the sedate and passionless course of Korean progress. There was a touch of grim humor in the fate which decreed that in return that small and insignificant country should launch her Western neighbor upon the humiliating tragedy of the Sino-Japan conflagration, and should ring up the curtain also upon the yet fiercer and more passionate drama wherein were played out before an astonished world the successive scenes in the downfall of Russian imperialism in East Asia. With her superlative attainments in duplicity, and her unalterable predilection for intrigue, she may be equally counted on to add immeasurably to the tangles of the Japanese political skein, and to render infinitely laborious the duties and responsibilities devolving upon the shoulders of the suzerain Power.

With her triumphant emergence from so strenuous a period of probation, it may justly be argued that Japan has cut her way to power with the bayonet and the sword. She has indeed achieved much more than will be found within the four corners of any written treaty. When she pricked the bubble reputation of Chinese military precocity, she excited the interested curiosity of the West; when she flung the torn and crumpled fabric of

Russian imperial ambition upon the war-stained boards of the Manchurian stage, she demanded and received the respect and the recognition of the world for her claims to rank thenceforth as the first Power in Asia.

Nevertheless it would be a grave mistake to suppose that the ambitions of Japan have found their consummation in the capture of Port Arthur, or on the blood-stained battlefields of Mukden or Liao-Yang. She is advancing with a fixed determination towards the goal which still stands far off on the horizon of the future. Military ascendancy may pave the way; but military ascendancy is by no means the sole end in view. Political power, supported by military prestige, commercial and industrial supremacy in East Asia, a dominant voice in the destinies of the Eastern world—such are the objects towards the attainment of which the will and energy of the nation are being turned. It is in the factory and the workshop, as much as in the arsenal and the dockyard, that the key to the future will be found: amid the roar of machinery and the hiss of steam, and the unceasing whirr and crash of the spindle and the loom.

For the successful achievement of such a programme, peace is an essential condition. Better than most men the courageous statesmen who were responsible for signing the treaty of Portsmouth knew this to be so, and, gazing steadily into the future, they did not hesitate to face the storm of public indignation which they knew their action must provoke. The world applauded and the people stormed. A military escort—no mere guard of honor—the groans and hisses of the populace, and rows of white flags in place of bunting along his route, constituted the home-coming of the envoy of Japan, while the fury of the misguided mob found uncouth expression in parading before the popular

gaze gory representations of the de-truncated head of the President of the United States, as the promoter of the conference which had been the means of disappointing them of their hopes. Misled by the tone of the native Press, which had foreshadowed a large indemnity, public feeling for a time ran high, until, with the publication of the terms of the newly contracted alliance with Great Britain, soberer counsels prevailed, and the nation resumed once more its appointed path of progress.

There is much that is of supreme interest and importance to Englishmen to be found in Japan at the present day. Not the Japan of fancy depicted in a voluminous literature as a land of temples and tea-houses, a sort of quaint earthly paradise existing solely for the benefit of the flotsam and jetsam of the restless West, where the twang of the samisen fills the air, and the alluring charms of the laughter-loving, almond-eyed *geisha* reign supreme, and where the cares and responsibilities and conventions of the prosy West may for a space be conveniently laid aside; but the Japan which has of recent years excited the attention of more sober pens, the Japan whose pulse beats quickest in the busy thoroughfares of industrial centres and amid the bustling activity of great naval and military stations. The temples of Nikko and the tea-houses of Kyoto, the lovely scenery of Chazenji or Miyajima still draw and fascinate a vast annual concourse of the pleasure-seekers of Europe and America: but in the factories of Tokyo and Osaka, in the dockyards of Nagasaki, Kure and Yokosuka, amid the furnaces and steel works of Wakamatsu, and the coal-pits of Kyushu may best be seen and appreciated the real spirit of modern Japan. These things find no place in the recognized programme of tourist travels, which accounts for the existence of an unfortunate scepticism

as to the industrial and commercial potentialities of Japan.

Yet history can show no parallel to the achievements of her people in this direction in recent years. It is no small thing that in a decade and a half she should have built up a foreign trade from a modest total of less than £14,000,000 in 1890 to £81,000,000 in 1905, a total, that is to say, for her population of 48,000,000 equal to the foreign trade of China with a population at least eight times as great. In a space of thirty-five years she has constructed 5000 miles of railway, exclusive of her undertakings in this direction in Manchuria and Korea; and in face of the opposition of a vast existing competition she has created a mercantile marine of upwards of 6000 steam and sailing vessels with a displacement exceeding a million and a quarter tons. Not only has she succeeded in many lines in supplanting in her own dominions the products of Western factories with the products of her own—a development about to be further facilitated by a recent revision of her tariff law—but her manufacturers are daring to compete—and compete successfully—with the manufacturers of Europe in the adjacent markets of China and Korea. At Kure and Yokosuka battleships of 19,000 tons and a speed of 19 knots, equalled only in all probability by ships of the British *Dreadnought* type, are at the present moment in course of construction, while private dockyards are finding a new source of profit in the supply of torpedo-boats for an embryo navy for Peking.

An atmosphere of feverish activity pervades the mills of Tokyo and Nagoya, Higo, Yokkaichi and Osaka, where day and night alike may be heard the ceaseless roar and hum of wheels gyrating noisily in perpetual motion. The half-million spindles which ten years ago were described as

"challenging the command of the Far Eastern market" are represented today by treble that number with a capital of close upon £4,000,000, and a half-yearly output of 184½ million pounds of yarn. There is in Osaka a cotton spinning company paying a dividend of forty per cent. During the past year the port of Kobe alone shows an increase in the value of her imports over 1904 amounting to £5,375,000, of which amount £3,419,000 stands for an increased importation of raw cotton and machinery. The large profits, indeed, made by the spinning companies in 1905 owing to the low price of Indian and American cotton at the beginning of the year, and to the further fact that they had previously sold their production as far ahead as May and June, has placed them on a firm footing, and is inducing such directors as are able to resist the grasping demands of avaricious shareholders for colossal dividends to still further increase their plant. In many of the large spinning mills English machinery, bearing dates as recent as the last three or four years, is to be seen, and inquiries at various mills elicit the information that the spindles of the country are being increased by many thousands at the present time.¹ With cheap labor, an unrivalled geographical position, and an abundant water power, the value of which is being rapidly recognized, as is proved by the vast schemes for making use of it which are under consideration at the present time, the manufacturers of Japan can claim solid advantages on their side in the fierce struggle for supremacy in Far Eastern markets, and the increased value of the export of cotton yarn from £2,900,000 in 1904, to £3,300,000 in 1905, in spite of the drain upon the resources of the coun-

¹ It is estimated that before another year has passed the addition of 600,000 spindles will bring the total up to approximately 2,000,000.

try owing to the prolongation of an exhausting war, is merely an indication of the prospects already within sight.

It is sometimes argued that the impulsiveness peculiar to the character of the Japanese is liable, as a result of national elation at success, to launch them upon undertakings out of all proportion to their means. It is true that with the sudden influx of capital at the conclusion of the Sino-Japan War, companies sprang up like mushrooms in the night, paid vast dividends for a brief space, and then collapsed when, in due course, it was found that the capital had disappeared! Demoralization and loss of confidence inevitably ensued; but Japan has learned wisdom since those days, the very fact that no indemnity is to be paid has had a salutary effect in checking any tendency towards undue expansion, and every care is being taken to prevent any recrudescence of the bubble enterprises of eight or ten years ago. The moral effect of victory, too, has undoubtedly been to give the people a confidence in themselves and a consequent stability, which they have not hitherto enjoyed. When a son of the land of Shinjū casts his bread upon the waters, he does so with the confident expectation of finding it before many days, and it was a Chinaman of inscrutable countenance who bought 25,000 Kanegafuchi cotton shares at 35 at the opening of Russo-Japanese hostilities, and who smiled with complacent satisfaction later on when they mounted steadily to 139! A charming villa on the shores of the Inland Sea offers tangible testimony to the perspicacity of Chinese commercial instinct.

In the city of Osaka may be seen a microcosm of modern industrial life. Ever the pioneer in industrial enterprise, the city has flourished amazingly during recent years, and boasts of a population which, already

aggregating upwards of a million souls, is increasing at the rate of from seventy to eighty thousand a year. No longer content to rely upon the adjacent city of Kobe for a port, her people have already expended two and a quarter million pounds upon the construction of a harbor, and are prepared to spend a similar sum in providing themselves with a thorough system of electric trams. Ere long they anticipate sharing in a colossal scheme for generating a force of 45,000 horsepower with the waters of an upland lake. The city is credited with over 5000 factories and workshops responsible for a production exceeding in value £10,000,000 a year, and spinning-mills, weaving-establishments, dockyards, iron-works, sugar-refineries, cement-works, chemical-works, brush-factories and match-factories conspire to array her in the smoke-begrimed garb of the manufacturing centres of the West, and to impart to her thoroughfares an appearance of immense activity.

What Osaka does to-day a whole posse of admiring and aspiring followers may be counted upon to do to-morrow—and surprising results have accrued. Bristles are imported from China and Europe, bone from England and Chicago, teak and ebony from the Dutch East Indies, freight and import duties are paid, the raw materials made up into tooth brushes, nail brushes and hair brushes at the rate of many thousands a day, freight on the finished article paid back to Europe, and Messrs. Kent undersold in the London market! Two years ago Japan was a large importer of refined sugar, to-day she is exporting the commodity to China, Korea and Hong Kong. The little town of Moji, itself only fifteen years old, is exporting 20,000 casks of cement to San Francisco—a single example of many of Japanese good arising out of American evil. It having

been observed that the importation of printed calicoes had reached a value of £2,000,000 a year, £100,000 is subscribed with a view to establishing the industry in Japan. The manufacture of glass, already exported in small quantities, is about to be stimulated by the formation of a foreign and Japanese Company with a capital of £150,000. In the camphor of Formosa is to be found a valuable adjunct in the prospective manufacture of Japanese celluloid, and no little interest is being evoked by the erection of an Armstrong explosives factory in Japan. Within a stone's throw of the gorgeous temples of Nikko, the prosaic sheds and chimneys of a flax-spinning mill stand boldly for New Japan, and when you enter a protest at this crude invasion of sacred ground, you are met with a shrug of the shoulders, and the incontestable reply that the fall of water supplies a force of many hundreds of horse-power, and that whereas linen was formerly purchased exclusively from abroad, its manufacture now gives occupation to many hundreds of people at home.

Should you still be sceptical of the strength and purpose of the nation's aspirations, all lingering doubts are dispelled by a glance at the attitude of paternal interest and solicitude towards commercial development assumed by the powers that be. Bounties and subsidies are the order of the day. State funds are allocated for the experimental production of cotton in Korea. "If Korea can ultimately supply this cotton," recently declared the Minister of Finance, "a very radical change will be effected in the cotton industry of Japan." Bounties are granted to ship-builders and subsidies to shipping companies, and the nation's shipping grows apace. Freights on the railways prove unsatisfactory and lack uniformity, and rightly or wrongly the Government steps in and

acquires the country's communications for itself. The holders of railway stock may raise objections and ministers may resign, but the will of the Government prevails. Where private enterprise fails the Government itself steps in. Two and a quarter million sterling have already been swallowed up in a heroic endeavor to plant an exotic industry upon an uncongenial soil, in pursuance of which an array of coke ovens, blast-furnaces and steel plant have been erected at the national steel works of Edamitsu, and coal and iron mines have been acquired. Caustic criticism as to expenditure leaves the will of the ruling powers unscathed, and further increases are made. In conjunction with the Admiralty the capacity of the coke ovens is being increased from 500 to 1000 tons a day, and additional blast-furnaces and Bessemer furnaces are shortly to be set up. Steel rails, steel plates, steel girders, steel tires and shells are being turned out at the present day, and 180,000 tons of steel is the estimated output in another two years' time.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and in the new tariff law of March of the present year may be found an indication of the probable fiscal policy of the country at the expiration of the existing conventional tariffs in 1910. Reservation of the home market, and protection and encouragement of home industries, is clearly foreshadowed—such protection as will enable Japan to stand independent of the West, and to control the commercial destinies of Asia.

In the foregoing pages some idea has been given of the present industrial and commercial activity of Japan, and the possibilities of her future are incidentally portrayed. If her prospects appear bright, it must also be observed that the difficulties that lie athwart her path are by no means insignificant. In

natural wealth she cannot compare with a country like our own, and coal, copper—a valuable asset in view of the world-wide and increasing demand for electrical appliances—cereals, timber, marine products, silk and tea, may be said to comprise the most prominent items among her indigenous resources. Iron exists only in moderate quantities, and the export of tea must be described as a diminishing industry. Of all her exports that of silk is by far the greatest, while that of cotton, as already indicated, shows a steady increase. It is interesting to observe that of a total export trade of rather more than £32,000,000 in 1905, approximately £16,500,000 was represented by the various products of silk and cotton, while copper, coal, tea, matches, marine products, porcelain, drugs and chemicals, mats and matting, straw, braid, tobacco, paper and camphor come next in order of value.

The price of victory, too, has been by no means light, and as a result of the war she is saddled with a considerable foreign debt. Japanese financiers, brought up in an atmosphere of desperate financial expedients, have secured consent to a heroic scheme of amortization, on account of which £11,000,000 is to be allocated annually for the next thirty years to the service of the debt—an amount equal to the sum total of her national revenue of ten years ago. With no indemnity to swell the contents of the national purse, as was the case after the Sino-Japan war, the anxiety of the Government to foster trade, and above all to build up and increase the exports of the country, is sufficiently intelligible, quite apart from avowed ambitions in the direction of national commercial aggrandizement, and in part explains the prodigious interference on their part in the interests of national industrial competition, as contrasted with a conspicuous absence of official interest in the regula-

tion of the internal industrial economy of the country. Cheap labor, declare the manufacturers, is essential to successful competition with foreign industry, and the manufacturers have their way. Despite the fact that with the increased cost of living in recent years wages have risen by from 50 to 100 per cent.; fivepence or sixpence for a day of twelve hours may be said to be a fair wage for women in the spinning-mills, while many may be seen working considerably longer for appreciably less. Yet with all their cheap labor it may be questioned whether the action of the manufacturers is not destined to rebound upon their own heads. The highly colored pictures of the delights of city life painted by the procurers of labor for the consumption of the country hodge, fade sadly under the grim reality of extended hours and diminished pay, and are apt to excite doubts in the minds of the country folk as to the joys and advantages of factory life. Moreover, long hours are inimical to real efficiency, and the general severity of existing conditions can hardly be conducive to the future welfare of the race. Not least among the cares of the employer, too, as a result of all lack of reasonable legislation, must be reckoned the hopeless levity with which the Japanese workman regards—or disregards—the obligations of contract, a state of things productive of an irritating uncertainty as to supply. Nevertheless, despite all such considerations, he prefers to accept labor on its present terms rather than, by drawing the attention of legislators to its delinquencies, to risk exciting an inconvenient labor emancipation propaganda, and bringing about the re-enactment upon the Japanese stage of the all too familiar scenes culled from the socialistic repertoire of the West. For the attitude of cold indifference, if not of open hostility, towards socialistic agitation of recent years, for the pro-

mulgation of drastic police regulations for the preservation of peace and order in 1900, and for the forceful suppression by the authorities of certain social democratic associations, the newly arisen aristocracy of wealth no doubt breathed a devout prayer of thanks.

If one hesitates to accept in its entirety the bitter assertion of an ardent lover of old Japan, that "there have been brought into existence—with no legislation to restrain inhumanity—all the horrors of factory life at its worst,"² one is at least forced to admit that, judged by European standards, there is much that may well call for redress. When one sees women undergoing the physical strain of a fourteen hours' day at the hand loom at a fraction of a penny an hour, when one unexpectedly encounters coal-begrimed and scantily clad female figures emerging from the coal-pit's mouth, and when one observes children of ten and twelve toiling through the long weary day for a pittance of twopence, one cannot but suppose that sooner or later the question of the rights and the position of labor will call for solution. Some day the cry of the children will be raised:³

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap,
If we cared for any meadows it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
For all day we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal dark underground,
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories round and round."⁴

But for the present the workers lack organization and a programme, and the industrial machine grinds relentlessly on in the fierce struggle for advantage in the commercial race, and the women

and the children toil patiently by day and by night for the industrial and commercial advancement of Japan.

In the *post bellum* enterprise of Japan there is much that is deserving of the careful and thoughtful consideration of Englishmen. The fortunes of Great Britain in Asia are inextricably interwoven with those of Japan. With the alliance have been created ties capable of proving of no small benefit to both contracting parties, and no cloud need arise to mar the good understanding between the two countries, provided that an absurd sentiment is not allowed to assign to Japan attributes which she does not possess. The doubtless well-intentioned though mistaken attempt on the part of certain writers to apotheosize an essentially human people, can be productive solely of disappointment and harm. The unreasoning panegyrics of hysterical enthusiasts at home are calculated to evoke jeremiads on the part of those whose lot it is to submit Far Eastern developments to the cold test of unimpassioned criticism and practical experience. It is well not to lose sight of the fact that in the adjacent continent of China lies the obvious and legitimate stage for Japanese commercial expansion. Any one who is foolish enough to imagine that she spent millions of money and thousands of lives in Manchuria, that she staked, in fact, her very existence, upon the fall of the dice of war, for the sole benefit of others who were unwilling to put up the stakes, is likely to meet with a rude disenchantment. Such altruism may be preached, but is certainly not practised by humanity as at present constituted, and while Japan will doubtless act up to the letter of her declarations with regard to a policy of a fair field for all, are at the present time 43,678 children under the age of 14 employed in the factories of Japan.

⁴ E. B. Browning.

² Lafcadio Hearn—"Japan: an Interpretation."

³ According to official returns for 1905, there

and will open the door into Manchuria so far as one man is in a position to open the door of another man's house, a microscopic examination of her procedure will not improbably reveal much that can scarcely be accounted in strict accordance with the true spirit of a policy of equal opportunity for all. It would be strange, indeed, were she to seek no recompense for her vast sacrifices in the late war, and it is absurd to suppose that she will not—so far as she is permitted to do so—take every advantage of her position to forward the interests of her own people in Manchuria. Her students are granted free passes over the railways of the country, her goods are imported duty free through Tairen,³ and her Press claims a similar privilege for her merchandize on the frontiers of Korea.⁴ Already a company has been formed for working the East Chinese Railway and the coal mines of Fushun, shares in which are reserved exclusively for the Governments and subjects of China and Japan—at the express desire, we are told, of the authorities at Peking.

All of which may be quoted as violating the true spirit of the open door, but all of which might equally have been foreseen had the enthusiasts not claimed for Japan a standard above that of other nations. Should a reaction of public opinion in England set in to the detriment of the good relations between the two peoples, when

The National Review.

³ Tairen (Daini) has been constituted a free port, and no Chinese customs duties are as yet levied in Kwangtung. Military exigencies have so far stood in the way of the opening of the port to other than Japanese trade.

⁴ Appealing to the provisions of an ancient and somewhat obscure agreement, by which it is said that Russia has a right to send goods duty free over a distance of fifty versts of the Manchurian frontier, the Japanese press claim a similar privilege for Japan in Korea on the

it is realized that the supposed god is after all composed very largely of human clay, the enthusiasts will have no one but themselves to thank for the plain result of their own unreasoning and extravagant praise.

A sober consideration of the situation with which the statesmen of Japan have to deal, of the not unnatural expectations of her people in return for immense sacrifices undergone, of the inevitable attitude of the military party at the unexpectedly successful outcome of a tremendous war, should suffice to make it clear that there are no small obstacles in the way of immediately applying in its widest sense the policy of the open door. Japan has need of the friendship and co-operation of England, and a clearly defined public opinion in Great Britain, sympathetic and generous towards her ally, as far as generosity is compatible with the maintenance of the legitimate interests of her own nationals in Far Eastern waters, will strengthen the hands of the far-seeing statesmen who have thrown the whole weight of their influence into the balance in favor of equal treatment for all, and will do more than whole reams of diplomatic correspondence to bring about a liberal and satisfactory settlement of such questions as are still outstanding in the troubled arena of the Farthest East.

Dalni Vostock.

strength of her "most favored nation" clause regulating matters appertaining to her land frontier. It may be observed that Russia is in no hurry to conclude a treaty of commerce with China, and that in the interim she is, in point of fact, exacting free entry for her goods over the whole of her Manchurian frontier. It is difficult to understand on what grounds defeated Russia should be permitted to enjoy marked advantages over victorious Japan.

THE FLOOD OF FICTION.

As long as the world endures people will itch to hear a story; so there is but small fear the maker of tales will awake one morning to find that no one cares any longer to listen to him. But, unhappily, there is to-day a growing tendency to divorce literature from fiction, and there was more than a measure of truth in the rebuke I heard administered at a library by a stately and picturesque old lady to a greatly astonished assistant—"I want something to read, and you have nothing here but novels." The old lady did not mean to imply that there is necessarily nothing to read in a novel; she is a sensible woman and knows her Balzac far too well to make any such mistake. But what she did mean was that among the crowds of new books in gaily colored bindings pushing and jostling each other on the library shelves, there was probably not one she herself would care to read and, after turning over the leaves of some twenty or more, I was fain to agree with her.

With the fall of the leaf—and even as I write, autumn is upon us—comes what used to be known in good old-fashioned days, as the Book Season. To-day, the term seems somewhat inadequate, for the Book Season has spread itself out until it practically covers the length of the year, stretching from January to December through the advertisement columns of the newspapers and adding greatly to the sorrows and labors of conscientious reviewers. And the great bulk of this enormous output is fiction—sad tales, merry tales, tales with a moral, tales without a moral, tales we have heard before and can hear again, tales that are worth telling and tales that are not. Of late the attention of many serious-minded people has been turned

to this question of novel writing and novel reading. Sermons have been preached about certain novels (with the immediate result of greatly increasing the publishers' sales and the authors' reputations), while the custodians of Free Libraries are loudly deploring that the books most largely borrowed are works of contemporary fiction.

Now I am quite prepared to be told that a good deal of talent goes to the making of some of these novels, for every week critics are kindly patting authors on the back and scattering compliments with generous hands—"a work of decided promise" "exceptional talent" "a touch of genius," &c.—indeed genius is a term so commonly used that it is only charitable to suppose it has taken unto itself a new meaning and is not the same word we have hitherto consecrated to the giants of the golden age. In a certain sense, however, the critics are well within their rights, for to-day we judge literature by the standards of commerce. If a book can fetch a long price we argue (no doubt very sensibly) that it must possess some solid merit. It was in this spirit that a lady audaciously dedicated her novel "To the General Public, the only critic whose opinion is finally worth having," and the audacity was, in this instance, fully justified by success. What an author earns is seemingly of more interest to the greater number of his readers than what he writes—the man who can make money is, they are convinced, possessed of genius as distinct from talent.

The modern novelist is essentially a man of affairs. With admirable discretion he determines to study the public taste rather than observe the higher canons of art, and the public are not,

as a rule, ungrateful. Any one could easily give more than a dozen names of writers of popular fiction whose yearly incomes must surely be sources of absorbing interest to the keen-eyed vultures of Somerset House, and whose prosperity has been largely responsible for the birth of that new and lucrative profession, the literary agency. Books are written to-day with the avowed object of making money, and, say the authors, it is only the voice of envy that can possibly find fault with their well-deserved success. People will not read a novel merely for its style or literary excellence; they wish to be amused and not instructed; they do not want the author's view of life, but their own commonplace ideas cleverly presented to them as in a mirror, and the older writers with their keen insight into the heart of things, their long kindly moralizings between the acts, their slow-moving pageant to the music of laughter and tears, can hardly hope to hold their own against the latest popular success: as a well-known author once said to me with an engaging air of candor "after all, you know, it is not the best books that sell."

It has sometimes been a matter of curiosity to me what becomes of all these greatly praised novels that are now flooding the market. Do they bring in handsome but unsuspected profits to their creators, or do they only "fret their brief hour upon the stage" to find their way at last to that *Gehenna* of writers, the shop of the remainder-man? I have often wondered that some author, panting after realism, has not made a better use of the remainder-man, for he would serve as a handy villain, cheapening books (as is his habit) until he finally brings them down to the lowest depth of degradation and they are sold, by weight, as waste paper. But he has not, I believe, as yet found a place in the fiction gallery of well-known characters where

a new dress for an old friend would often prove very attractive.

Once upon a time, I myself "read" for a publishing firm of high repute, and I was then more often struck with the imitative faculty of the writers than with their originality. So many books bore a more than strong resemblance to each other, while how many plots have I not found to be boldly taken (without acknowledgment) from the French! I especially remember one clever scene that held me by its force and power, and yet was hauntingly reminiscent of something I had read before, like some old tune to which I could not, for the moment, give a name. Re-reading my favorite Balzac that night as a mental rest-cure after the labors of the day, I came across the scene, to my relief as well as my disgust, word for word and character for character. This I admit was an exceptionally bad case, but similar instances are to be found, and even reviewers have been sometimes caught napping. Some of the books that passed through my hands were of a wholly different character. Well written and replete with pretty fancies they only needed a known name to help them to success. But the fiction-loving public has but little fancy for such delicate miniature painting. It greatly prefers the bold outlines of the scene painter or the garish colors of the poster, so it was clearly impossible to risk failure by offering goods for sale for which there would be but little or no demand: I could only be grateful to the authors for the loan of their manuscripts. Sometimes one of these same books eventually found a publisher, and I would watch its fate with almost paternal interest, but I cannot recall a single instance where one of them was fortunate enough to find a public.

I had occasion a few months ago to ask for a novel at a well-managed

lending library. The author is a man of some distinction, who (though he is not one of those successful writers who sell their books by the quarter-million) can claim readers to the extent of some odd thousands. The novel I wanted is one of his best, and I was a little surprised when the manager told me he would try to get it for me, but as it was an old book I might have to wait a little time. "An old book!" I said, "why it only came out the other day." The manager corrected me; the book must have been out at least a twelvemonth, and then in answer to my indignant "Well, what of that?" leaned over the counter in friendly fashion to give me a true history of the life of a novel. It was growing dusk, the shop for a wonder was empty, and the gaslight shone on the backs of some thousand or more brightly-bound volumes that crowded the shelves and were piled high upon the counter—some, with the name of a customer written on a narrow strip of paper that hung from between their leaves like the tongue from a thirsty dog's mouth, others as yet unclaimed. A sense of depression came over me as he poured out the wisdom of his past and vast experience for my future guidance.

"A year," he said, "is the length of a book's life—of a novel, I mean. If it sells at all, it sells at once, for people will not read old books however good the books may be. They only care for the new ones, and it does not seem to matter what they are, if only they are new. For my own part I would far rather read some of the old ones—a dozen years ago or more, better books were brought out. But you cannot get people so much as to look at them, for they judge all books by the dates on the title-page, and so, as I said before, by the end of a twelvemonth the average book is practically dead."

I looked round at the bookshelves, filled (if this intelligent young man is

to be believed) with the Doomed, and behind each volume I seemed to see the pale anxious face of the author listening dejectedly to the discouraging story. I named two literary artists—"Their books still sell, though they are at least a dozen years old, and yet they can hardly be described as popular authors." He admitted that their books still sold, but explained that these writers are now classics. "They have never had what you may call a big sale, but they always go on selling. And there is nothing to-day between a classic and a popular success. A book has simply no chance at all unless it is well pushed by the publisher and the newspapers, and even then it may not go. The truth is there are far too many of them, and if there should happen to be a good one among them by a new writer, as often as not it gets swamped among the rubbish, and some one or other helps himself to the best of it for his own book. The publishers are partly to blame—they flood the market with indifferent stuff, and then are surprised they cannot get rid of it." He spoke with authority and with the air of one who politely declines further argument on a subject of which he is a past master; so I left the shop and went out into the mild darkness of a late February afternoon.

Was he right, this intelligent young man who so ably represented the purely commercial side of literature, and beside whose experience my own was but as of a dilettante amateur? I could at least conscientiously say that the publishing house with which I had once been connected had never "flooded the market with indifferent stuff," but remembering those over-crowded bookshelves, I was not wholly prepared to give the statement the lie direct. In the old times (to which some of us look back with regret) a publisher's motto was "Few but fit," a motto then easy enough to follow. For there were

giants in those days—long books that came to stay; and to these we now turn as the standard of comparison by which we judge our writers of modern fiction. Possibly, in so doing we make a very great mistake. In that far-away past, novels were mostly read by cultured persons with a taste for letters, and they were fortunate in finding writers who could give them what is perhaps best described as literary fiction. But even in matters of art, demand will create supply, and the times have changed. To-day every one reads, and so, almost unconsciously, popular writers have learned to be content to measure their wit, not by the monuments of classic eloquence but by the intellect of their readers.

A noted novelist is said to have stated that his only ambition was to "reach the great heart of the people." Now to reach the great heart of the people it is before all things necessary to learn the language of the people, and in England the speech of our mixed population is neither picturesque nor poetical. If any one feels inclined to dispute the truth of this statement, let him mingle for an hour or so with a middle-class holiday crowd, or study the romances that find the greatest favor in the workroom or the kitchen, for this is the public that has to be considered—and seriously considered too—by the writer who proposes to make his fortune out of fiction. I once asked a country traveller to tell me who were the largest buyers of certain popular novels, and the surprising answer came: "Well, publicans buy them for their wives." Nor do I believe the statement to be incorrect.

This curious half-educated public has its own prejudices, its own opinions, its own code of morals, and is as widely divorced in sympathy from the intelligent workman who reads for self-improvement, as it is from the scholarly man of letters who frankly deplores

the present condition of things. It is oddly sensitive on many points, has a fixed conviction that the author is poking fun at it if it does not understand all that he is saying, and hotly resents any quotation in a foreign language as possibly concealing some evil thought. But sentiment and plenty of it, above all religious sentimentality, never fails to make its appeal to the great heart of the people, and to lash the vices of the rich with a nine-tongued whip while glibly praising the virtues of the poor is an almost sure road to success. There is an enormous mass of class prejudice among the people that takes the place of an elemental critical faculty, and all writers of fiction would do well to bear this in mind. For this strange, semi-merged, all-powerful and ever-increasing public, is, in the matter of books, wonderfully conservative. Let an author once get firm hold of their affections and he is safe. The cold wind of neglect will never blow upon him, nor is there any fear of his audience melting away to join the crowds that may gather around a newer showman with more gaily painted puppets. If only their old favorite will still speak to them in the style that years ago made him their hero, so long will his faithful public give him their ears. They want no new thing, but are content with the same lovers, the same villains, the same adventures, and the same sentiments they have already known and approved, and new-comers, wandering by chance on to the old pitch, often find it very hard to get an honest hearing.

These are the books to which my friend the librarian had referred as the popular successes, and popular successes they undoubtedly are, but to old-fashioned people nourished on old-fashioned literary prejudices they are apt to prove a trifle disconcerting. Were the old standards wrong, or has

fiction (as we knew it) become a dead art? Is the length of a book's life to be strictly limited to twelve short months, or is there still more reasonable hope left that it may live on to charm successions of readers in the years to come, instead of being flung on one side like an old glove as soon as the date on the title-page shows that it can be no longer described as a new novel? If the librarian's tale be true, then who is to blame—the authors, the publishers, or the public? A writer in a weekly paper has boldly laid the whole of the burden upon the shoulders of the authors. They begin, he tells us, by doing their best, and a vast proportion of "first books" now published show some promise. Then the authors get into harness, adjust their collars, and write for bread and butter, throwing aside their early ideals as useless, unmarketable lumber.

It is never wise to argue with an expert; but though this may be true we cannot think it sufficiently accounts for the dearth of purely literary work put forward in the guise of fiction. The public (as the lady novelist boldly said) is the ultimate court of appeal, on the time-honored principle that the man who pays the fiddler calls the tune, and to-day the English public are calling for commonplace tunes. In the island of *Saints* better counsels prevail, and we have there welcomed the birth of a new school of literature, producing delicate work that has in it (or so we believe) the strength to live. But so far it has not sought expression in a novel. Still, there is every reason to hope that from Ireland may yet arise a mighty maker of tales who will give us a Gaelic *Comédie Humaine* and so revive, in all its copious leisurely splendor, the art of fiction. When at last this giant shall come in all the fulness of his strength he will surely not lack a multitude of hearers.

I have been speaking lately on this

very subject of modern fiction to a ripe critic. "Some of it is clever" I suggested tentatively. "Yes, far too clever" was his answer. "You want something more than mere cleverness if a book is to live." I knew that he was right. The art concealing the art is lost to us to-day, and talent is all too often blatantly self-assertive, and over-anxious to lead off the applause: the mere pretence of modesty is, for the moment, hopelessly out of fashion. "But after all, what does it matter to you," my critic went on after a brief pause, "whether a novel lives one year or twenty? You do not propose to write a book, and all these authors, I do not doubt, can take very good care of themselves."

I thought of the rows of doomed volumes—consumptives awaiting the doctor's verdict—and this time I was not so sure that he was right. And on one point he was most certainly wrong, for I have a very strong personal interest in this matter. Every one before they die, says a wise old saw, should plant a tree, have a child, and write a book. I must plead guilty to having neglected the first and second of these old-fashioned duties, but I have accomplished the third and last—I have written a book. Between the wearisome and manifold labors of the day I have found time—slowly and with infinite pains—to write a romance, but not even my best and closest friend has ever suspected me of such an indiscretion. Line by line, and page by page the book has grown, until it has become as a very part of myself; its making has been the loving work of years, and on the very day I paid that discouraging visit to the lending library I had written the last words of the last chapter. Long ago I gave it a name—"The Silent Feet of Mary"—and when a recent novel bearing the title "The Brown Eyes of Mary" was published, I actually felt resentful, as

though the author had wantonly infringed my private law of copyright. That I should change the title of my book was clearly impossible. Mary had lived so long with me, I had grown so well accustomed to her presence and "the beat of her unseen feet," that to have christened her afresh would have seemed nothing short of sacrilege. Her silent feet had followed me so faithfully down busy streets and along lonely ways; had paused when I paused, hurried when I hurried, had been in truth as the noiseless echo of my own.

That the fiction-reading public would ever appreciate Mary I could have no reasonable hope. She had none of the qualities that make for success, for judged by the standard of contemporary criticism she was neither witty, amusing, nor audacious; her life had been passed among quiet ways and pleasant places, and she was not the heroine of any notorious adventures—who would care to follow the tread of her silent feet? A memory of the books I had urged the great publishing house to accept came back to me, and I knew only too well that they were none of them of kin to Mary. A dozen or more years ago she might have hoped to claim a few readers,

The Gentleman's Magazine.

but to-day she could look for nothing better than one short year of neglect on library shelves before she was finally sold as waste paper.

To such shame she should never come; so, after a long spell of indecision, on a dull sultry summer afternoon I slowly burned the manuscript page by page in an empty grate, until a smouldering heap of charred paper was all that was left to me of a most dear and constant companion. As the smoke filled the room half blinding and choking me in the hot heavy air, my old friend the critic walked in and asked me what I was doing.

"I have been burning a book—a novel." He is not a man of many words, but he took his pipe out of his mouth and spoke. All that he said, it might not be seemly to repeat, but the gist of the whole matter was that I had done a very wise thing—that it was a pity other writers did not offer up their first-born in a voluntary sacrifice—that fiction was in a parlous state, and it was highly improbable that I could have done anything to improve it.

"After all, the public are the real offenders," he ended, "for it is they who are mainly responsible for the flood of fiction," and I think, Mr. Urban, that he spoke the truth.

THE REAL COUNTRYMAN.

If any proof were wanted of the enormous power of literature, it would be found in the rainbow tints with which the country and its pursuits and employments are invested in our imaginations. The books are written by the few, and the few who write books are not representative of the many, for the many have no voice, and those who have voices have many things besides: their highly strung nerves give them the power of enjoying and suffer-

ing in a higher degree than the rest of us; the stinks and noises of the town pain them as they do not pain the less susceptible; the music and perfumes of the country which delight them, escape the notice of those cast in a grosser mould. If a genuine countryman—a real hard-handed son of the soil, who has himself dug and scattered seed and himself laboriously hoed the weeds between the rows of rising crops, who has himself risen early in cold and rain

to wait upon the needs of his cattle, who has counted the loss inflicted by a sudden hailstorm or frost occurring out of due season—if such a one writes of the country, and writes as Virgil wrote or George Eliot wrote, he speaks not as his fellow-countrymen speak. For the country is before all things the home of grumbling. The farmer grumbles, the ploughman grumbles, the landlord on these days grumbles most of all, and the cottager's wife is an everlasting wail. It has always been so. Our oldest agricultural poet, Hesiod, could find nothing to say in praise of country life, he found it bad every way, the best he could say for it was that seafaring was worse. Virgil was no true countryman; he praised the country as those now praise the country who, having lived there in their youth, spend their maturity in towns, and even Virgil admits that the superior blessedness of country life was not altogether obvious to the countrymen themselves.

Consider now. Of the forty million inhabitants of the United Kingdom ten million only are engaged in agriculture and its subsidiary occupations; of the remaining thirty million a very large proportion indeed is composed of those who have migrated into the towns within the last half-century, and on many of them the scent of the soil yet lingers. Do they go back? There is England all around them still, except in certain dismal patches where coal and iron hold their sway, the most beautiful land in the world, and this land so fertile, so homelike, with its broad pastures, its sedgy rivers, its gently swelling hills, cries aloud for its inhabitants, who are deaf to its call. If all that the poets in verse and prose have told us of the delights of the country and the simple homely villager were true, would the country be bewailing the loss of her children? Place an industry, say a shoe factory

or a railway shop, in the middle of a country district: what happens? Before very long it absorbs all the best labor; it creates a little town and broken-windowed cottages become a feature of the neighboring villages. This leads us to a bitter saying, to a very hard truth—agriculture never has competed successfully and never will compete with other employments. When and where there have been no other occupations except such as were subsidiary to agriculture itself, agriculture has flourished; start the age of manufactures and both capital and labor leave the land!

"Large estates have ruined Italy," moaned the younger Pliny; but the large estates were only a symptom of an economic change such as we ourselves are passing through. When the Roman peace was once established in the Mediterranean, corn was grown more cheaply and more certainly in Egypt than in Italy; profitable investments all over the civilized world invited the Roman capitalist; the sons of the peasant farmer found openings in the great new cities that grew up in Northern Europe and our own island, to which the way was revealed to them by military service. Thus the land of Italy was given over to great sporting estates or capitalist-agriculture plantations worked by slaves; and possibly the sum of human happiness was greater than when the Sabine farmer bred those sturdy sons who conquered the known world.

If we pass on to the Middle Ages we find the cultivator everywhere in a state of servitude, tied to the soil as a villain or a serf, forbidden even in England to leave the land. When scientific farming began it was introduced and carried on not by capitalists who saw in it a profitable investment, but by the great religious Order of the Cistercians and the offshoots from this Order. Legal emancipation came in the

reign of Elizabeth in our country; but the operation of the Poor Laws passed in that reign again tied the laborer to his parish, which was unwilling to lose a good man or receive one whose family might become a charge on the rates. At the end of the eighteenth century the agricultural laborer was paid partly by wages fixed by the justices of the peace at quarter sessions, partly by outdoor relief, which was fixed practically by his employers. As soon as a change of economic policy made him a free man he began to emigrate to the towns and the railways, and wherever else the conditions of life appeared to him more agreeable, even if not more lucrative. There was no sentiment against parting from the land; that is to say, no sentiment sufficiently strong and sufficiently universal to keep an agricultural population in its place when the new and manifold developments of industry elsewhere offered a counter-attraction.

This state of affairs did not escape the notice of economists such as John Stuart Mill, and we were told that the reason why the laborer left the land was because he was not a peasant proprietor. For a long time it was believed that to repopulate the rural districts of England all that was needed was a system of peasant proprietorship. A survey of history would have shown that had peasant proprietorship been possible in England, it would have come into being in the ordinary sequence of events, as it came into being elsewhere. The fact is that except in a few favored localities the climate and soil of England alike favor large holdings worked by men who have some reserve behind them. The franklin and the yeoman disappeared, not because anybody wanted to get rid of them, but because the natural conditions were against them. If they did not wish to fall back to the condition of laborers, or wanted to improve

their circumstances, they looked for the other employments which the expanding empire and increasing trade of England opened to them. In a French village the peasant proprietor holds the first rank, in an English village the agricultural laborer stands lowest in the social scale. Our Radicals tell us that this is because the former owns the land, the latter is merely employed upon it. We may grant this, and then we have further to ask ourselves whether the conditions of life of a French or any other peasant proprietor are in other respects superior to those of the English agricultural laborer? The answer is to be found in Zola's terrible book *La Terre*, and other literature dealing with the same subject. France pays a heavy price for peasant proprietorship in the stationary figures of her population.

The picture drawn so far is a dark one, and it is true that those who really know and really love the country can find plenty of bright spots to place against this sombre background without doing violence to the facts; but none the less there should be some check imposed upon the perpetual parrot cry of "Back to the land," as indeed there might be more intelligence in trying to give effect to this cry. We should go back to the land because in that way we can secure a plentiful supply of healthy young soldiers; but except in a few localities the family of an agricultural laborer is considered to be disgraced by a member who has enlisted. The conditions of life are favorable for rearing healthy children. And yet there are many parts of the country where milk is almost unattainable by the laborers, the local supply being sent off to London and other large towns, while the sanitation of country villages is generally conspicuous by its absence, and the water-supply is not infrequently poisonous. A cynic might be disposed to remark

that countrymen are healthy because only the very toughest can survive in the struggle. Again, it has been said that the morals of country villages are much superior to those of towns. Those who have lifted the veil of country life are the last to be willing to lend their authority to so sweeping an assertion.

Much of the romance of the country has gone with the landed gentry; for rich merchants and captains of industry or finance who buy country estates to hold expensive shoots and fill their houses with week-end parties are not what the landed gentry were. The laborer used to feel that the squire's family in a way belonged to him; he took a pride in the virtues and even the vices of the gentry folk; their horses, whose family history he knew minutely, were his horses, their hounds were his hounds. From the Radical point of view this is all very shocking, and the misfortune is that the Radical point of view stands in the way of

doing anything to repopulate the country by inviting capital back to the land. The landed gentry are still the enemy to the Radical; still to be taxed and rated as they were taxed and rated when their industry was the chief industry; still to be shorn of powers which they have long ceased to hold, as they did when they represented local government, not because they had annexed local government, but because in the beginning of things they were not landed proprietors but landlords. If ever English agriculture is to revive, the land must be freed from the burdens which were laid upon it when it was well able to sustain them. We have relied too long upon the pleasures of country life as an attraction to laborers and capitalists; we should turn our attention to enabling agriculture to compete successfully with other businesses; and before all things we should avoid forcing town-made by-laws and town-made regulations of all sorts upon the unwilling country.

The Outlook.

THE CHARM OF ACCESSIBILITY.

Those who know the dark races say that the first thing they desire in their rulers is that they should be accessible. The man in authority should be ready, they think, to hear the grievance of his humblest subordinate. If he will listen patiently, he will never be hated, even by the man against whom he may have given a harsh decision. Justice may miscarry, but the Judge may be forgiven for not being impartial so long only as he is not impersonal. The feeling to which these facts testify is implanted very deep in human nature, wherein lies the instinct of appeal and reply. The thought of an angry deity is far less discouraging than that of a relentless fate. The possibility of anger implies the possibility of sym-

pathy. A man can keep his sanity in the midst of mortal enemies, but a lengthened period of solitary and silent confinement will unhinge the mind of the most stolid and brutish of men. It is speech which chiefly divides us from the animals, and we all desire with special intensity to have speech with those upon whom our fate hangs. If surgery should ever come to be done by machinery, it will add to the terrors of the operating theatre.

But it is not only to those in power that human nature desires access. We all hate to be kept at a distance, and wish to know the real mind of the men and women with whom we are thrown, and we as a rule like those best who will let us know most. There is some-

thing in accessibility which of itself charms. There are people whose attitude towards the whole world is confidential. Whatever their political opinions or their social station, they are the real democrats and the only true Socialists. Their ideas are at every man's service, and they are not concerned to protect common property. If any one wants their sympathy, he can have it. If any one would like to know their views, he can know them—such as they are. The windows of their minds give upon the open road of life. They erect no barrier between themselves and others. The meaning which has been given to the word "touching" illustrates what we are trying to say. They are not always the best people, but they are always the most popular. Few men and few women lacking this quality have anything which can rightly be called charm. Without it they may inspire the terror which seems at times to exercise a kind of fascination upon inferior natures, and they may awake curiosity or command admiration in superior ones. They may constrain regard, obtain ascendancy, gain credit, but they get little affection and no forgiveness. On the other hand, it is difficult to dislike or to condemn the accessible person. If we want to do so, we must keep away from him. Many a rogue disarms his critic by offering to him the hospitality of his mind. "It was a dreadful thing to do, but I know how he came to do it," says the man who would have cursed the rogue altogether had he not fallen beneath this spell. There are, of course, certain faults which accessibility precludes and certain virtues which it proclaims. The accessible man cannot well be essentially false, though he may be wanting in integrity; he cannot be affected; he cannot be capricious; and he cannot, in the bad sense of a loosely used word, be proud. On the other

hand, he is sure to have some moral courage and some mental independence. Why affectation is so repellent a quality it is difficult to say, for often it is closely allied, especially upon the lower rungs of the social ladder, with a certain ideality, and ought never to be confounded even with the milder manifestations of hypocrisy. The man who is trying hard after better manners than are usual in the class from which he springs, and the woman who not only desires to appear as refined as she can but would really like to be as refined as she appears, generally end by being affected. But even where affectation partakes more of the nature of virtue than of vice, it is still a barrier to sympathy and a medium in which no charm can work.

If there is a quality which more than any other proscribes accessibility, it is caprice. The door of the capricious man's mind is defended by a two-edged sword. The more we watch him the less we know him, and to "get into touch" with him is impossible. The foolhardy are sure of a serious wound. If there is any vital principle within upon which his being turns, it must be arrived at by intuition; it cannot be found out from observation. Experience in his case can but increase ignorance. But, it may be objected, in the case of a woman caprice surely often serves to augment charm? We are inclined to doubt this widely believed proposition. Many a seemingly capricious woman is, of course, charming, but we fancy the quality is often mistakenly diagnosed from the symptoms. Simulation and surprise play a large part in the art of flirtation, and, except as a measure of flirtation, no one admires caprice, even in the fairer sex. No woman has ever praised it in another woman, and no man likes it in his wife or can tolerate it in his sister. How many women, on the other hand, get credit for far

more intelligence, far more sympathy, and far more unselfishness than they possess merely because they are accessible. The diffident stranger is charmed because he is frankly received, because he can see the face of his interlocutor and judge of her thoughts, and knows that he is in company with a human being and is not listening to a voice behind a mask. Not infrequently, however, the want of confidence, which is almost always harshly interpreted, and must in the nature of things repel, ought rather to be pitied than resented, for it comes of nothing whatever but a sense of insecurity, social or otherwise. Those who fly behind their fortifications the very instant that they see a stranger may be moved by a real pleasure in being disagreeable—the most civilized and attenuated form taken in the most sophisticated circles by the love of cruelty—but more often they are simply actuated by fear. They are afraid lest they should condescend or should presume too far, afraid to assert that kinship which a touch of nature proclaims, afraid of being contradicted, of making themselves ridiculous, of admitting that their opinions are not of the fashionable shade, or that their mental equipment is poor. Sometimes they are simply shy, but anyhow, while their fear or their shyness lasts, they are not charming.

Poor people are sometimes curiously inaccessible. They are often so very proud, and even suspicious. The more respectable they are, the less easy it often is to get at them. It is quite natural. They have none of the privacy which money produces, no large houses, no possibility of avoiding outward contact with their neighbors, no conventional method of marking a difference between themselves and those below them in civilization. Small wonder if they shut themselves up in themselves in order that they may be

in some sense alone. Now and then one is tempted to think that they begin every fresh acquaintanceship by reflecting upon the words of the constables in the police reports: "What you say may be used against you." Then, again, even where they are not suspicious they feel a great disparity between their thoughts and their capacity of expression, and do not like to send forth their cherished notions in an unworthy form. Consequently they keep them within. Want of education of itself tends to inaccessibility. Cultivation opens the mind as much as it enlarges it. But natural or not, the peculiarity which certain of the poor owe to unfortunate circumstances is a repellent one, and they have no charm. This fact is thrown into strong relief when we consider what good company an old laborer and cottage woman can be if they will but allow their interlocutor to cross the threshold of their hearts. There are ways in which they know so much more than the educated man or woman—no money and no traditional illusions have stood between them and the realities of life—who can but listen spellbound, if they can really tell him how this strange world, with its hardships and its pleasures, its generosity and its injustice, strikes them, and what sort of shelter of philosophy they have built for themselves out of the collected items of their experience.

Of course, an accessible person must not be confounded with an aggressive one. The difference between the two types of mind is as great as that between a hospitable house and a prison. There is no such bore as the man who drags us into the innermost dungeon of his soul and insists that we should stay there till we have heard all that he has to say. Accessibility is a passive virtue, while such a tyrannous craving for sympathy is at best a lamentable weakness, and sometimes de-

generates into an active vice. The accessible man will force no one to enter the precincts of his mind, but when

The Spectator.

someone claims admittance his instinct is to say, not "Who is there?" but "Come in!"

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Bjornson's new novel "Mary" has just been published simultaneously in fifteen different translations or foreign editions.

The fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Andrew Lang's "History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation" is on the eve of publication.

The Academy admonishes publishers that to scatter illustrations haphazard through a book is to make them not only useless but mischievous, and recommends that in the case of miscellaneous illustrations all the pictures be put at the end.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has completed a new volume as a companion to his "Choice of Books." It is entitled "Memories and Thoughts: Men, Books, Cities, Art." The forty essays of which it consists are in part autobiographical, and have the wide scope indicated by the title.

Prof. George Wharton James's new book entitled "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert (Southern California)" will be published by Little, Brown & Co. in two octavo volumes instead of one, with a colored frontispiece, 32 full-page plates, and over 300 pen-and-ink sketches by Carl Bytel.

Among the books to be published by the Cambridge University Press are "The Essays and English Plays of Cowley," edited by Mr. A. R. Waller; "The Works of Giles and Phineas

Fletcher," edited by Mr. F. S. Boas; and "The Poems of George Gascoigne," edited by Prof. J. W. Cunliffe.

Principal Caird many years ago contributed a series of articles to "Good Words" under the general title of "Essays for Sunday Reading." These have been reprinted in book form. Dr. Donald Macleod, who succeeded the author as pastor of Park Church, Glasgow, has written a biographical introduction.

The story of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia is told in a volume entitled "A Royal Tragedy," which is about to be published. The author is M. Chedomille Mijatovitch, formerly Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Serbia to the Court of St. James.

In one of the letters of Lord Acton published in "Lord Acton and his Circle" is a little domestic criticism of Gladstone. Acton reports Mr. Robertson Gladstone as complaining, "My brother William never looks out of the window." The curious in such analogies, *The Athenæum* remarks, may care to recall that of Manning, a close friend of Gladstone's earlier career. Manning's sister used to say, "I should like to take Henry to see the shops in Regent Street."

E. P. Dutton & Company will have ready in a few days "The Trials of Commander McTurk," by C. J. Cutcliffe

Hyne. McTurk is on the retired list of the U. S. Navy, having been put there for exceeding instructions by over-zeal in the Philippines. The book records his trials in many enterprises of unusual character into which he enters in all parts of the world with the one object of so distinguishing himself as to win the notice of the naval department, and gain a reappointment.

It appears from a letter written by Mr. A. Steel to the London Times that there is at least one man still living, a Mr. Lundy, who has seen Sir Walter Scott in the flesh. Until within a few years there were several persons living who remembered the appearance of the "Wizard," but the picture they had carried away was a pathetic one. They remembered Scott in his later days as a man prematurely old, with scanty gray hair, a white, pained-looking face, and an infirmity in one of his legs.

Whoever makes the selections for the Handy Volume Classics published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. contrives to find material which is not so hackneyed as the contents of most of the innumerable series of reprints. Among the latest volumes added to the series are James Russell Lowell's "Fireside Travels"; Thoreau's "Excursions" and "The Maine Woods"; Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn"; and a selection of Swinburne's Poems, edited by Professor Arthur Beatty. The volumes are of convenient pocket-size, well-printed and bound, and are sold for thirty-five cents each.

American collectors of rare books are not in the habit of standing upon price. One of them has just bought at auction in London a copy of the 1612 edition of Shakespeare's "The Passionate Pilgrime," for £2000. The only other example known was at one time in the

collection of Edmond Malone and is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The copy just sold was the property of John E. T. Loveday, who inherited it, and described in Notes and Queries of August 12, 1882, how he discovered it in a dark corner behind two rows of books. The volume consists of 62 leaves, and for its size is probably the most costly book ever sold.

Among the latest additions to T. Y. Crowell & Company's well-chosen series of Children's Favorite Classics is a volume of Tales from Herodotus, retold in simple language by H. L. Havell; a selection of Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, under the title "Stories from Scottish History" selected by M. L. Edgar from the first series of those delightful tales, and given in Sir Walter's own words, with trifling exceptions; and last, but not least delightful, some stories of child-life from Dickens,—the stories of Oliver Twist, Smike, Little Nell, Paul and Florence Dombey, Pip, Little Dorrit and David Copperfield,—these also mostly in the novelist's own words, but so chosen as to present complete episodes for the benefit of young readers. The book is edited by J. Walker McSpadden, who is an enthusiastic Dickensian. All of these volumes are illustrated.

Lord Rosebery has taken the literary and political public of England by surprise by publishing without announcement a monograph on the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The work is described as in no sense a "life" but a delightful book of personal recollections, throwing many sidelights and illuminating Churchill's meteoric career and his character from their days at Eton together to his tragic death. It deals at length with Lord Randolph's relations to the Irish party and his resignation from Salisbury's cabinet.

Lord Roseberry believes there was something little short of an alliance between Churchill and the Irish party, and that his unaccountable resignation was largely the outcome of physical causes and the development of the disease that ultimately carried him off. While it does not conceal Lord Randolph's faults and shortcomings, the book is a generous tribute to the winning loveliness of his character.

Of Mr. Hall Caine's latest book "Drink," The Academy reports:

The little novel was published on August 20, and has already reached a sale of one hundred and seventy-five thousand copies. It has been the occasion of lectures on the Drink problem in many parts of the kingdom and brought the necessity for fresh temperance legislation prominently before the public. In the interval of seventeen years since the story was written the author has had many tempting proposals for it from publishers, the last of them offering a thousand pounds on account of royalties if he would agree to its publication as an ordinary novel. But not regarding it as an essay in fiction to be placed by the side of his other novels, Mr. Hall Caine declined, and finally agreed to take no advance payment at all on condition that the book should be first published at a price (6d.) which would bring it within the reach of all classes and especially the humblest class, to which he wished particularly to speak. That being his object, he has certainly had his reward. There is every probability that the sale of "Drink" will go up to a quarter of a million.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., is true to the traditions of both the houses which constitute the present one, each of which had among its authors some of the most popular writers of books for young people. Among its publications this year are books by authors new and old. Everett T. Tomlinson opens a new series,—whose

designation "Our Own Land Series" indicates the author's purpose to help his readers to a closer familiarity with their own country,—with a volume describing the adventures of "Four Boys in the Yellowstone." W. O. Stoddard continues his "Revolutionary Series" with a spirited story of the siege of Boston, entitled "Two Cadets with Washington," in which the hero of the earlier story is joined with a lad of the same surname,—the James Monroe who afterward became President,—in service under Washington. Edward Stratemeyer continues his "Dave Porter Series" with a volume entitled "Dave Porter in the South Sea," in which the hero of the earlier story, with two of his chums, is carried into new scenes and stirring adventures. "With Mask and Mitt," by A. T. Dudley, is the fourth volume of the "Phillips-Exeter Series" and as might be guessed from the title, is a stirring story of school-boy life and baseball contests. "The Camp on Letter K" introduces a new writer, Clarence B. Burleigh, and opens a new series of boys' stories, the "Raymond Benson Series." The writer is the editor of the Kennebec Journal, and he has chosen the scattered villages and thick forests of Aroostook county as the scene of his heroes' adventures. "Jimmie Suter," by Martha James opens a new series, "The Pigeon Camp Series" which is for younger boys; and "Little Miss Rosamond," by Nina Rhoades, is for young girl readers and will attract those who are familiar with the author's "Brick House Books." A novelty in juvenile literature is the small volume "When I was a Boy in Japan," in which a native Japanese, Sakae Shioya, educated in this country, tells for American boys with engaging simplicity the story of his own boyhood in Japan. All of these volumes are illustrated.